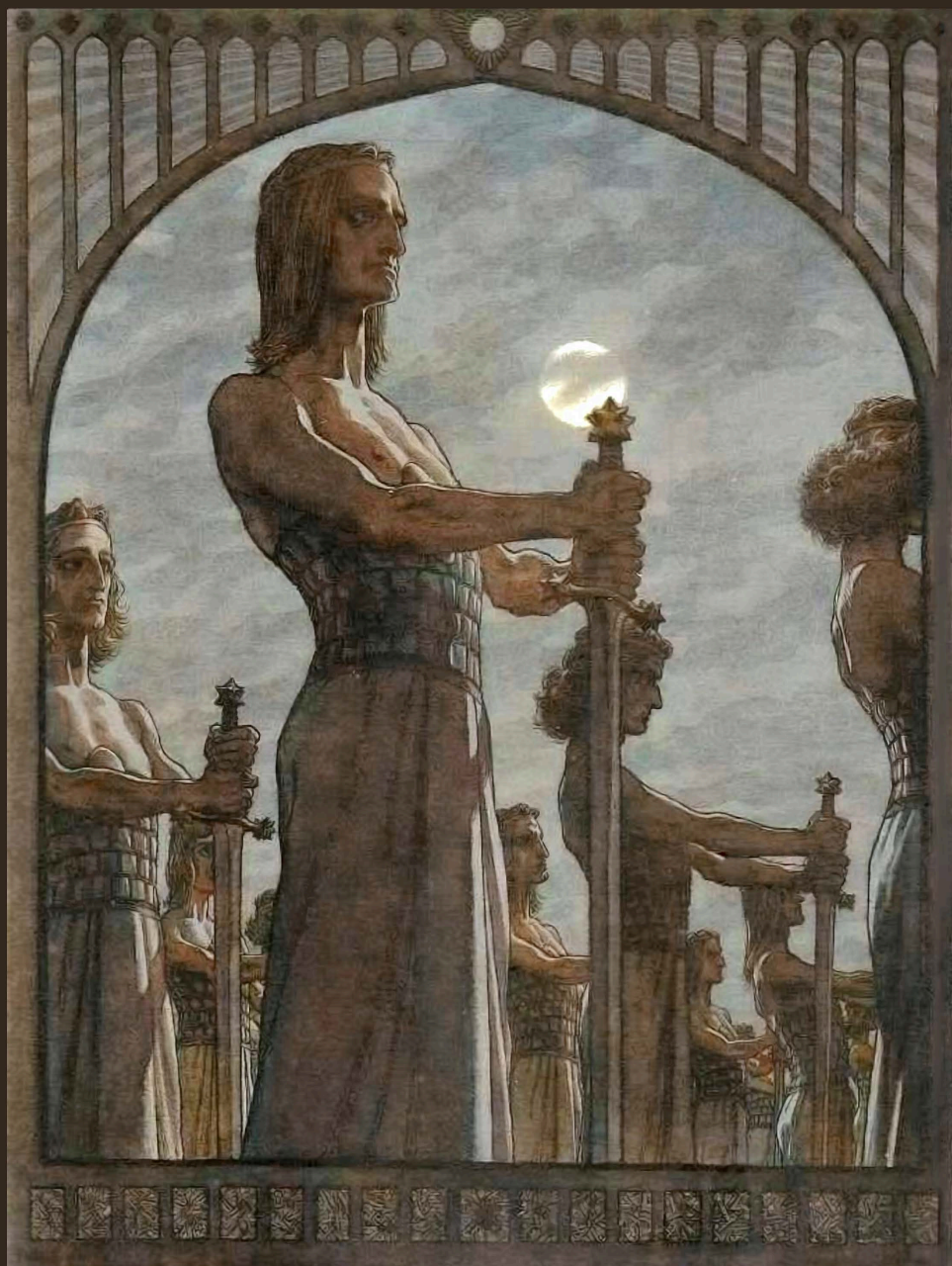


The home of the Strong



Kurt Eggers

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of the Strong



TRADITION

Contents

Of Childhood and Yearning	1
The Desire for Role Models	35
Of Men and Their Work	59
The Maternal Women	205
Despite Curse and Blessing: the Strong!	219
Mighty Home!	229
Brothers of Destiny	237

"The law is the power that rules over life and death, over creation, decay and renewal, whose origin lies beyond human perception, yet to bring oneself into harmony with it is the ultimate longing of the wise."

As I wrote in my book "On Living Bravely and Dying Courageously" followed by the volume "The Birth of the Millennium", I had hoped that I would be able to write about the home of the strong in a third volume in the not too distant future.

This third volume is now available.

I would like the three volumes, which are a living unity in content and structure, to be read in the order in which they were written.

I would like to thank my friends in Germany and throughout the entire world for their favourable response, which has made this volume a must for me

May "The Home of the Strong" also help to deepen our understanding of the tremendous times in which we live, hope and create.

The Germanic Empire of the German Nation has become a reality. Its law continues until the perfect homeland of the strong is conquered from this world.

The new age, the new man!

That should be the watchword of this book, which is not addressed to those of yesterday, to those of the hereafter, but rather to those whose hearts beat for Germany and who believe only in Germany, in its law, in its longing and in its reality!

Dortmund, on 10. April 1938.

Kurt Eggers

Of Childhood and Yearning

Into the twilight of the evening almost every last sunbeam of memory penetrates – beautifying, gilding, soothing.

There are old men and old women who cannot look at a child playing carefree without being deeply moved.

There are also outright criminals who, with superstitious fervour, strive to come into contact with a child in order to be "expiated" through its purity.

For example, there is a calculating and calculated effect on "hardened" minds by numerous images of the infant Jesus, who rests gently and smilingly in the manger of the stable in Bethlehem.

Perhaps even today more souls are won for Christian teaching by the "little child" Jesus than by the angry, threatening and avenging Lord Jesus Christ.

Childhood!

For the already foreboding immature, the state of being a child is by no means the fulfilment of existence. On contrary, every eager boy maturing into a youth longs to be able to overcome the state of immaturity through the deeds of young manhood. For people whose little ship of life has sprung a leak, being a child means that sweet irresponsibility, that inactive security that knows nothing of the dangers of duty. When such shipwrecked people of life occasionally hold the mirror of self-knowledge up to their eyes, they realise with horror that the sad features of human

suffering have been revealed to them shimmering towards us. The realisation of having to lead a botched life awakens the desire to be allowed to be a child once again, to life all over again in order to avoid all the cliffs and reefs, and – purified by the experiences of the first and life – to successfully steer the ship of life into the harbour of security in order to finally drop anchor off the haven of bliss.

The mourning for the lost childhood paradise has been widely expressed in sentimental songs, the effect of which tends to grow as dusk falls. The songs that tell of the vanished "youth" become national anthems for the shipwrecked of life, so to speak, without which none of the tearful hours of spiritual contemplation can be celebrated.

In contrast to the "innocent" child is the guilt-ridden man, who is inclined to sing a psalm of mourning at every cradle.

Childhood!

Mostly unconsciously, a state of development that has to be overcome, survived, the ideal of life. The childlike life of being led, of not worrying, seems desirable on its own.

Maturing children consciously play the most popular game, the game of "adulthood", which very often unconsciously becomes a devastating reckoning with the wrecks of those who are mistakenly the model and example of this game.

In the case of childhood addicts and castaways, the degrading game of "wanting to be like children". A game that is repulsive because it seems childish with its babbling and stammering, with its mendacious primitiveness.

Childishness as an act of will must always in a lie; very often it leads to the worst mental corruption, the denial of the law of growing and becoming. And if there can be any blasphemy at all, it is the blasphemy of the holy law before life.

Being a child as a state of development is something sacred because it is an excerpt from the eternally moving life that no-one is able to banish. In this state of development, the human being is unconditional, without lies, spontaneous. These qualities are all too often overgrown by the egoism that accompanies them as reason awakens in the course of development into a knowing human being.

Childhood addiction is contemptible and despicable to the knowing person who has not fallen victim to the temptation of ego addiction, because this addiction contains the confession of the inability to live a knowing life.

It may be enchanting thought for the shipwrecked of life the kings of the world once knelt in adoration before a crèche. They may be moved by the legend of the giant Christophorus, who was supposedly overpowered by a child. They, who are delighted to hear that a Jewish shepherd boy is said to have killed a giant hero with a sling, no longer have any sympathy for insult inflicted on the knowing human race when in the tale the child defeats the man.

Childhood!

Anyone who has had to lay down their arms defeated in the battle of life may well think back with nostalgia to how, years ago, responsible people for their daily bread. But every

sigh that this childhood addict sends to heaven proves him to be a recipient of spiritual support.

The religions that promise people salvation, i.e. release from duty and anchoring in a dreamy afterlife that is already – by turning away from "earthly", i.e. conscientious and responsible. The ideal of a child-existence begins with the child's own thinking – in this world.

The most determined followers of those teachings, having become immature, renounce the act of creation reserved for the mature. The act of creation includes all dutiful and conscious acts from conception to war.

The Tibetan monasteries are hardly any different from the monasteries of Mount Athos or those of the Roman monasteries. They are all consuming, never creative. They are all of the opinion that they have to oppose the combative, i.e. begetting and birthing, and thus in every sense fruitful world, to the ultimately unfruitful filial love, even with the most diligent activity. In their otherworldly world, which is filled with the strangest and most wondrous ideas, they find a desirable home. For it is precisely the shipwrecked who long for a harbour that knows no storms and no dangers, for a home that means security.

It is therefore understandable that in all countries where the otherworldly places of a childishly dutiful way of life, fallen greats and stumbled little ones knock at the gates of the walls that separate the world of action from the world of dreams.

The fact that the asylums of the desperate call themselves places of sanctity touches all those who have remained

strong and combative in life in a strange, sometimes offensive, but often amusing way.

The masses of the undecided pay those asylums a certain tribute and enable them to eke out their existence in this world. Because these "children" also have "adults" to feed.

Every yearning to leave life – as the demand to fulfil one's duty – is a crime against the law of life itself, however lovable this yearning may be and knows how to clothe itself with the most beautiful thoughts and the most brilliant images.

Just as in the life of the individual the law of maturation the state of being a child with the state of being an adult, so also in the life of peoples the same law breaks the state of primitiveness and ushers in the age of knowledge, of state thinking. The age of civilisation, consciously increasing, out of the mere expediency of primitiveness.

Ageing civilised peoples who long for original, youthful vigour often fall into the mistake of taking the childhood forms of foreign nations as an example – the dying Rome is an example – and end up in childish decadence in their twilight years. They turn power into violence, childish simplicity into primitiveness, the inability to think into the unwillingness to think. When childish thinking an ageing heart, the heart becomes clumsy. And childish and repulsive are the words of a child in the mouth of an adult.

The yearning that looks backwards or pushes backwards is unfruitful. The backward-looking nostalgia of the old man is usually mixed with the dread of the hour of death.

"The good old days!"

For many people, the memory of the days of youth – undeservedly gilded by distance and therefore seemingly happy – is the only point of light in the twilight of a broken life. Their heart has become a museum into which the living spirit and the wandering life have been denied access.

They are people who derive a claim to honour from the long-faded nobility of brave ancestors without fulfilling the requirements of honour, namely duty.

Thus there are also peoples who claim the right to be respected in the Council of Nations without wanting to see it, that what the fathers once called culture is now a mutely accusing ruin.

The strong one knows very well about childhood and yearning, just as he knows about temptation, need and doubt.

His childhood memory, however, is not a glamour intended to transfigure the bad hours of his conscious life, but the thought of that unreservedness which conscious life demands for ruthless action. is the incorruptible question of the straight path of further development which alone leads to the goal of a fulfilled life.

Through remembrance, all the yearnings that once filled the sails of the ship of life and led it onto the open seas of adventure become alive and present again. In this way, the childhood memories of the strong become an ever-awake question of conscience about the justification of action.

The plumb line of yearning measures abysses and heights in the same way, measures the seas and gorges, the

whirlpools and shallows over which the knowing and aware steers his ship of life, and measures the heights and skies to which the flight of thoughts and pressing desires soars.

In the memory of the strong, being a child becomes that brief moment of carefree dancing and joyful exultation of the still unformed mind, which could say a yes to all phenomena of life.

And the memory brings that dangerous young gleam into the eyes of the strong man, from which all those under shrink back.

The yearning of the strong knows of the heaviness of earth and many a life's suffering, but beyond the heaviness it sends the arrows of hope into the wide-open sky of freedom, which extends immeasurably over days and nights into the eternity of ideas, above all the renunciations of the half-formed and above all the gilded cages of those who voluntarily surrender themselves to the captivity of the state.

The arrows of hope fly as early messengers into the sky of yearning and announce that the strong man is on his way to the realm of fulfilment.

Muninn is the name of one of the ravens on the shoulder of Odin, the living, world-creating spirit, without whom there is nothing that has life.

Muninn is the remembrance that commits to action, the knowledge of being strong in the original.

Muninn proclaims Minne, the memory of the pride of strong dynasties that were powerful as long as they remained and did not open the gates of their realm to foreign beings.

And Huginn is the name of the second raven on Odin's shoulder. Huginn is the foresighted thinking power that comes from the Yesterday and tomorrow give birth to the knowing act of today.

But the strong of this world, to whom dominion is given, are rooted in this today, comprehensive in the of the lawful unity of original life and great in the power of thought that is directed towards the creative act.

Their kingdom has existed from time immemorial and will continue to as long as men walk this earth who carry in their hearts the longing for perfection of their being, for harmony of idea and reality, for harmony of will and work as an infallible compass of instinct.

The kingdom of the strong was once a reality. However, under the sign of the cross of the rebellion of the and those in need of redemption, the weak and the doubting, it was pushed out of the sphere of the earthly and entered the truly divine realm of the idea, to which only the exquisite, the strong, the lonely, the despisers of humility and cowardly security have access.

The home of these few was relocated to that district.

And the struggle of the lonely and strong for hundreds of years since the devaluation of strength by humility has been to home back into the sphere of reality.

The seeds gave their true but hidden home the name "Freedom".

And in the word freedom they put all their yearnings and dreams, their struggles and deeds. Freedom was the mantra of the travelling heralds of the glory of resurgent

power, the community of the strong and incorruptible, the joyous and righteous of the nation.

The secret kingdom of freedom shone from the eyes of the heralds, so that even in the loneliness of bitter death they were never ashamed.

The secret kingdom never had magic formulae, rites or any kind of insignia: its brotherhood was through the demanding life of freedom.

The secret kingdom of the strong was never bound by secrecy, but paths of secret knowledge about the source of all power and all essence led to it. However, the knowledge only secret because the weak people, who hungered and thirsted for redemption, had lost sight of the original because they had become blind and needed the shepherd's crook to feel.

The blinded no longer had an organ with which they could recognise the glow of freedom.

But when the lonely ones spoke of their bright realm, the groping ones marvelled and thought they were distant fairy tales. Fairy tales seemed to them the message of the "once upon a time" to come. They could not have known that the fairy tales were nothing more than memorials to the true homeland, to the empire, to freedom. The memory of the "Golden Age" towers above all fairy tales like a distant castle with high battlements.

The Golden Age!

In the distortion by the key players, it became a land of milk and honey here and a paradise there.

Only the knowing ones let their instinct tell them that

the Golden Age is a reality that can be brought down again from the heaven of desires into the realm of existence through action.

Each of the lonely ones who proclaimed freedom was at the same time a fighter for the new reality of the coming kingdom of this world. This reality, however, does not bring about a "paradisiacal" age, just as it does not want to bring about the state of bliss of the leisured and other noncombatant doers of nothing.

The Golden Age, for which the strong fight, is the rule of justice, which victoriously displaces the arbitrariness of weakness and, following the law, establishes order, the valorisation of originality.

Ovid, who could be called a Latin minstrel, speaks of a golden age and by this he means that original state which, based on natural law, integrates man into the order of the universe in an unspoilt essentiality. The compass of instinct vouches for the "goodness" of natural man, who affirms and lives his humanity in a childlike, self-evident act, without, without evasion.

In his description of the Golden Age, Ovid emphasises the original relationship of law and loyalty, which, in order to be "good", does not need a judge or jury. Where man fulfils the law of his humanity, there is no need for "laws". The self-evident does not need to be clothed in words, it does not need the garments of dogmas and doctrines.

This is the only way to understand Nietzsche's words, who described the great Greek Plato as decadent precisely because he ushered in the heyday of Greek and thus

European philosophy!

Centuries before the cheerful and Ovid, the Greek Hesiod the history of the development of the five ages, the Golden, the Silver, the Honourable, the Heroic and the Iron. This record contains a lament for the descent of humanity from the height of its original essence to the level of a pseudo-humanity alienated from the law, degenerate and only able to survive through cunning and betrayal, murder and deceit.

But why did humanity have to fall?

This question runs through the wishes, ideas, images and pipe dreams of philosophers, poets and state thinkers, prophets and religious founders of all times.

And along with the question comes the endeavour to create a new earth and possibly a new heaven. The new creation should not only bring back the original, good state, but also be the age of a humanity purified by suffering and experience.

But opinions, demands, theories and differ widely as to what the face of the new humanity, the world view of the renewed creation, should be like.

It was easiest for the founders of religions, who projected the level of the realm they proclaimed onto a supernatural world and could do as they pleased in this realm of fantasy, because they did not need to appeal to the ethos, will, courage and bravery of their followers, but to "faith" alone. Faith was important to them in everything. In this case, it was initially a submission, a yes to their teachings and theories. Then faith became the organ that was to connect

with the spiritual and mental world of the founder of the religion.

What wonder that instinct was switched off by such "faith", and that the compassless heart went astray as a result of this switch-off, if the soul did not give itself over to the illusion of having found a new and better home beyond duty in the frenzy around a supposed pole of grace.

The endeavours of Plato and those who emerged from his intellectual school were much more serious.

In his great vision, Plato proclaims that the primordial substance inherent in man of decisive importance.

According to him, it depends on whether the original substance is gold, silver, ore or an inferior metal, and the effect of man and thus the echo that the appeals of the valuable or unvaluable are able to evoke is entirely in accordance with the original substance.

Plato's vision knows nothing of grace and merit before "God" and has no prerequisite for redemption that could take place beyond the primordial substances. Nothing in the world or even beyond reality is able to lend a valuable original substance to something of lesser value. That is why in this world of appearances there is ultimately only a selection of those whose substance is valuable as ultimate wisdom. Thus only the valuable are called to rule. But their is just, and where the unworthy have seized power in rebellion, arbitrariness reigns and disorder is the sign of apostasy from the law.

For Plato, the world of becoming can therefore only be an image of the eternal Ideas, those archetypes that causally

structure and determine the essence of humanity. The state is therefore the true and conceivably best state that can be created by cognition. The original values are the starting point and are built up through the selection of substances.

In the great images of Plato we sense a breath of the spirit that proclaims true eternity: Eternity is where the law reigns, which embraces life and death, rise and fall. But the law reveals itself in strong life, which begets new life and in its wholeness offers no entrance to the germ of decay.

Poets have proclaimed this law when they sang about the lives of the strong, the heroes, the bringers of light, the victors.

"They sing of spring and love, of blissful, golden times, of freedom, male dignity, of faithfulness and holiness", is the title of Utssand's "The Singer's Curse".

The beauty of that golden age lies in the freedom of manhood, which outshines the dark despotism with its proud joyfulness. This is how Uhland sees the Golden Age.

And Walther von der Vogelweide sings of memory:

"...how we struggled for honours back then:
Age counselled us, the deed was the young!
Foolish Obre are now upon us:
The lesson of the fable, even a child recognises it.
What follows from it, you wise man, find that!"

Experience and knowledge, will and action, age and youth belong together to a strong life, and where the living unity of growth is torn apart by despotism, downfall follows.

The calls for freedom, which the poets and singers

carried forward like flags of offence, especially in the darkest hours of the nation, contain at their core, recurring in ever new variations, the demand for justice, that is, for values to be put in their rightful place. The fight against oppression and arbitrariness is the fight for justice, which is the vital expression of freedom, the home of the strong. Huginn and Muninn, the foresighted power of thought and the remembrance that commits to action, make up the totality of the spirit only in their unity. In the Germanic belief system, Odin is the all-soulful will that permeates creation through the totality of his spirit.

He needs Huginn and Muninn to shape the world according to his plans.

And just as Huginn and Muninn advise him the strong man weighs the statements of Huginn and Muninn in his soul before he takes action.

When monotheistic Judaism "de-godified" the world under the cloak of Christianity in order to place it under the LORD of Sinai, all symbols of Germanic faith, which never wanted to be gods in the sense of Christian-Jewish theism, were deified and turned into spooky images of devils, demons and witches.

But where once, in sacred groves, the strong in the distant tops of the ancient trees sensed the sound of the living spirit, where they had a home and lived in freedom according to the demands of the law, there churches were erected in honour of a personal God.

The teaching of the law was forgotten, but instead the message of the One God was proclaimed, who demands

blind submission and makes his benevolence dependent on whether one takes his Son and his numerous seriously.

The arbitrariness of the One God, the LORD, wanted to suppress the knowledge of Odin, of the law itself.

But the strong remained faithful to the law and did not prostrate themselves in worship before the LORD.

They suffered much persecution. One of the most deadly accusations was that they were of godlessness.

The opposite of the theism established at Sinai should be "atheism".

"Whoever is not for me
is against me!",

proclaimed the LORD, and his servants killed those who disagreed with the LORD and opposed his earthly claim to power.

The Lord of Sinai, Yahweh by name, was at all jealously concerned that no other Lord disputed his position.

His divine peace was gone if a Baal still showed life anywhere. And he was extremely sensitive to any "blasphemy".

Truly, a very "personal" God!

Odin could not be blasphemed, any more than temples of worship could be built for him.

He knew no believers, but also no despisers.

Whoever was strong and knowledgeable in the law was right and lived, whoever was weak and unable to the law perished.

This was not a promise or a threat, not mercy or wrath: this was life itself!

In the sense of Sinai, all the strong who make their confession in philosophy or poetry, in statecraft or even in the actuality of their lives were and are "atheists".

But the fact that they lived a stronger faith than all the so-called "theists" put together remained unknown or was concealed.

The strong man has never been a worshipper. This is not forgiven by those who see submission as the first "service of God". The strong man was strong because of his knowledge of the law in which he stood, or at least great because of his awareness of the justice emanating from the law and its order, and his deed was both the proclamation and the establishment of the order. That is why his act more important than the "divine services" as a whole.

But the weak never the language of the strong, much less their actions. That is why the weak dreaded the strong, and that is why they sought to kill them in order to make their world safe. The sacred trees, those symbols of imperishable life that is eternally renewed by the law, were devoured by the axe of the Christians. Odin's name was cursed to the devil.

The law, however, shone behind the clouds of incense that small earthly spirits let rise and continued sustain the world. The weak believed that instead of the law, grace shone from a limited heaven, and yet they could not take even one step out of the universe, which was enlivened by the law from eternity to eternity.

The Lord of Sinai had the dogma spread that he had created the world in six days out of nothing, through his word alone, how much greater is the world of faith of the Nordic region, which saw in Odin the bearer of the all-souling law!

Odin once gave law to the fermenting chaos, thereby bringing meaning and essence into the world! – so the old man taught the young to give him reverence for the universe and the duty of his humanity.

There is no magic, there is no belief in miracles.

There lived the strong man of his deed, which is itself creation.

There was no need for God to speak Hebrew from the burning bush and give instructions to his chosen Jewish people that would be binding for the entire non-Jewish world, nor was there any need for the Lord to go on a journey to the Sodomites in the form of two angels in order to have strange experiences there that could be reported as sacred stories to a believing and marvelling humanity!

From Sinai, the world was indeed "godified" through all kinds of atrocities and law-bending; but the truth, that twin sister of freedom, could not be "godified", it remained from then on the breath of life of the strong who stood in the law and lived from it.

Odin's name was dropped from the language of the day, only the fairy tales whispered his secret from century to century and let him celebrate his resurrection under various names.

What's the point of names if only the idea is alive!

Names and designations lead to dogmas in which the living spirit is crushed to death under the weight of the letter. Odin may have died, but the eternal law which he symbolised shines like the all-moving sun from the starry sky of ideas. And little people, fanaticised by their religious founders, will never be able to storm the high castle of freedom, which is and remains the refuge of the strong who are enthroned there as gods, on the ladders of fragile systems of thought and poorly constructed beliefs.

But whoever speaks of Odin should also tell with reverence that, as the legend says, he once gave up his eye to draw the potion of ultimate wisdom at the well of Mimir.

But the last wisdom that Odin was able to give to the strong who are of his spirit is this:

All life is struggle, and struggle is the most fruitful that can give the yes to warriorship in any form, whoever fulfils his law through struggle grows from the lowlands of everyday care to the pure heights of self-acting and shaping creativity. He becomes God among gods as part of the wholeness from which and to which everything that harbours the seed of life grows and matures!

Among the stories of the gods of all religions, none is as uplifting and shameful at the same time as this myth of the all-powerful Odin, who gave away his eye for the sake of the knowledge he wanted to impart to the strong.

Who does not think of the comparison with that Yahweh who, in his paradise, was anxious to be the only one to enjoy the fruit of the tree of knowledge? And who hurled

the hereditary curse at the two little humans who also wanted knowledge, and who now, as sad original sinners, as long as there still a world, must creep through the world in their children and grandchildren, maligned by the angry Yahweh who no longer possesses knowledge alone...

Stories of the gods originate in the spiritual childhood days of the peoples. The deepest and wisest stories, however, may be told by the North without ever having attempted to turn myths into divine truths and fairy tales into facts of salvation.

The high castle of freedom still towers in the north, in the land of midnight, and defies the curses. The sun of the law shines from its battlements and the strong to gather beneath it and not to listen to the cries of hatred from the foggy everyday humanity. The home of the strong fights for its right to live in this world and sends out its messengers to proclaim freedom.

This is how hope returns to a world that has become desolate.

Hope for home, that is the first ray of sunshine that breaks through the twilight and may frighten the servants of darkness.

Hope for home, that is the first sentence of the good news that comes from the castle of freedom.

When will the sun of the law shine unveiled?

There are also reports of a Golden Age in the myths of the Northland.

That was when Asgard, the garden, the castle of the Aesir, still existed.

This castle was the true refuge of freedom, from it, as the centre of the cosmos, emanated the incessant, power of the all-soul spirit of Odin, the spirit that is bound neither to time nor to space, that fills the world with powerful life, so that it must always give birth and form anew. Since the All-Spirit is combative, Asgard as the home of all that is strong can only be thought of as a castle, a fortress. This is where Odin has his seat. Valhalla is his shining hall of heroes, whose roof is covered with golden shields, on whose walls hang shields and which is lit up in the evening flashing swords.

Here the strong, but only the strong, may have a home. Here he is a god among gods.

This is the heaven of heroes, which has nothing in common with those ideas of heaven in which the Jewish patriarch Abraham's bosom is the desirable place of the particularly pious.

As long as Asgard towered above the earth, the home of the strong existed in this world, spurring on the good and frightening the bad.

The legend of the fall of Asgard is shrouded in fateful darkness. According to the deep myth of the North, guilt, i.e. the absence of law, penetrated the ranks of the Aesir.

And guilt veils the knowledge of the law so that ignorance and wickedness can enter.

That is the eternal truth of this Norse myth, that distance from the law leads to destruction. The fate of the

Aesir also teaches us what the germ of decay that leads to death is based on.

The Aesir, it is said, betrayed their blood through unworthy mingling and sank from the height of pure wisdom into the depths of instinctless impulsiveness. Betrayal of blood leads to downfall!

Loki, himself not of pure Aesir blood, fathered the most dangerous banker, the Fenris wolf, with a giant woman after previously fathered Hela, the later goddess in the realm of the dead – half youthfully beautiful, half decayed, an image of life and death at the same time – and the Midgard serpent. Thus, as the myth teaches, the seed of decay is conceived in the betrayal of blood. Through their rebellion, the bankers destroy the existence of the world, which is only guaranteed by the binding of the opposing forces. With Odin, the law-giving sense of the universe disappears; after him, chaos raises its serpent's head.

The tragedy of the pure, law-abiding Baldur, who must die by the harmless throw of an innocent blind man led by Loki, is an inexhaustible point.

Is it any wonder that the new doctrines of blood and rape are born from the bosom of the northern region that created such myths;

Is it astonishing that the profound evidence of the pure blood of the strong and worthy is an abomination and offence to the weak and unworthy?

Is it so incomprehensible that the doctrine of the law, which binds forces and leads to fruitful effects through its order, meets with the fierce resistance of those who are not

convinced by the "message" that by dissolving the law "Grace" could be fulfilled?

The chaos, which ushers in the world fire after the law has been cancelled, is accompanied by the crowing of the red, golden and black cockerels.

The red cockerel is the symbol of the giants, the Jotuns, who are hostile to the Aesir. The golden cock is the symbol of the Aesir, the black one of the realm of the dead!

Red, black and gold!

Thus begins the world conflagration, after which the new world rises from the raging sea.

And a new sun shines over the new earth, which has just covered itself with young greenery.

On the new earth, however, new people will walk in the law after the old people have perished with their old deception.

But the new people will be the strong and knowledgeable ones who have found their home. Their home, which will not be jeopardised by betrayal.

This is the consolation and the shining confidence of the strong, who do not tremble in the world's fire, who overcome fear because they stand in the law, which is life itself.

The knowledge of this law gives more power than all the religions of the world, which endeavour to clothe the "last day" with their "revelations". The roosters have already returned, the idea has already girded itself with the sword. But the strong hold the sword and await the decision. May

the nations their breath: the North has recognised the law and can already see the new earth behind the clouds of smoke from the world conflagration! The home of the strong will become a new reality. And to this reality belongs the eternity of this world.

"Scholars" whose minds ran astray, or at best in circles, have to divide the history of mankind into three phases.

The first phase was the pre-Sinaitic period of the primitive state of nature. The humanity of this period, they believed, could at best be for early historical research due to its childlike primitiveness. In doing so, they pitifully hung the bearskin of barbarism around the shoulders of this "early" humanity.

They called the second phase the theocentric period, and it was to this period that they rushed to express their loud love.

Theocentric: God at the centre!

Praise of the theocentric phase of humanity is at the same time a commitment to theocracy, to the rule of God.

For them, this means nothing other than the rule of that priestly caste that presumes to lead and direct the destiny of this world in the name of the wrathful, jealous and demanding God of Sinai. For them, the high age of theocracy is the Middle Ages, which was determined by the total power of the Church.

Theology's claim to be the leader of all sciences is theocentric. Theocentrism is religion's claim to rule over reason, intellect, instinct, soul and heart.

Theocentric is the absolute claim to power of the cross over all beings and every expression of life.

As you can see, the golden age of theocracy has shifted considerably compared to the songs of the early singers of remembrance!

The ruler, anointed with the Vatican's oil of grace, acts theocentrically, seeking advice from Rome at crucial moments.

They all act theocentrically, the prophets and priests, the scribes and the eloquent ones, who take their instructions from the governor of Christ and carry them out with care.

The minstrels of the theocracy cannot do enough to plaintively praise the tremendous advantages of the vanished age of the absolute rule of the church and to proclaim the imminent reappearance of a new golden age "when the time is fulfilled". For after the "last day", they too expect a new earth, a kingdom of God in which Jesus Christ will be the absolute ruler over the living and the dead of all nations and races.

If we remember that on the new earth after the conflagration of the world, as the North proclaims, the resurrected Baldur will dwell with his Aesir brothers in the midst of the new human race of the strong, in order to erect obligatory memorials to the memory of Odin and Asgard, of battle and downfall, then we will not doubt where the true home of the strong is to be, if at all the thinking and senses of the strong allow the possibility of a choice.

The third phase the anthropocentric phase.
Anthropocentric: the human being at the centre!

The historians of the theocracy place the beginning of the anthropocentric phase at the time of the Renaissance breakthrough through the geocentric system.

The unity, the all-embracing bond of the church, was torn apart, as they believe, by the attitude to life of the Renaissance, which helped the personality to find new rights beyond the spiritual and physical constraints of ecclesiasticism. They boldly claim that distance from theocracy is tantamount to distance from God. And is no salvation outside the church, by which they understand God himself – in terms of power politics!

The reawakened attitude to life, which found expression in a new sanctification of the earth, its duties and pleasures, naturally clashed with the dogmas that not only restricted life, but also deeply resented it, and was particularly outraged by the theocrats' spiritual coercion that repressed freedom.

In fact, the indignation of the Renaissance must be seen as a great awakening of the enslaved and soul to a new home on this earth.

Nevertheless, this rebirth has not ushered in a golden age. However, it is not the breaking out of the cycle around the "God" pole of power that is to blame for this, but rather the failure to find one's way back to the (source of all) power, to the law.

Even the rebirth of the spirit, which was to take place in the field of humanism, would only bring the ultimately meagre result of expanded education. Only one man from the intellectual sphere of humanism, a German, has made a

promising attempt to find the way to the (source: – Hütten!

In fact, in the haste of his short life, he found the (source and, already marked by death, became the most vivid witness to the new home of the strong, the secret German nation.

The beauty of the strong life, which is able to shine even from pyres and scaffolds, whose splendour through dungeon walls and tombs, is independent of all judgements of the day, it is measured with the yardstick of the eternal idea.

The individual detached from the "God pole" was not able to.

The callers for the return of the ecclesiastical Golden Age are aware of the need to become "happier" and take this in their cries of controversy. They speak of the bondage of the Middle Ages and do not want to know that this "bondage" was a complete gagging, and that a mass of equally gagged people is not yet a community.

The anthropocentric phase is blamed for the decline of the human community and the dissolution of the last bonds. It is easy to provide *prima facie* evidence of this.

Does it not seem that the Renaissance is the root of the later unrestrained hedonism? Does it not seem the belief in personality of the anthropocentric phase inevitably leads to the individualism that bursts every bond?

And does it not look as if carries within it the germ of rationalism, by which one wants to understand an idolisation of reason?

A marvellous juggling of concepts began, until again and

again the seemingly irrefutable proof was provided that only by going back to the LORD of Sinai could the necessary and valid bond for this world be found.

The heralds of God's reign remained in the ruins of their temples and set about erecting new places of worship with great haste. They skilfully managed to erect "new buildings" here and there, but the unblinded soon saw that these new buildings were erected on the old sites, and that altars, lamps and holy images were almost without exception from that "older time" which the preachers prepared to quickly deny if necessary. The supporters of rationalism, on the other hand, "progress" and believed that they were approaching a new Golden Age through the constant development enlightenment, science and thought. The confusion of concepts was complete: on the one hand, thinking of a golden age in the attainable future, on the other, remembering a golden age in the distant past. The only thing both groups had in common was the fanatical struggle to achieve their goals, the one striving forwards by force, the other backwards according to plan.

The backwards were more determined, they also had it easier because their will to power was clearly orientated and did not allow many theories, but above all no fantasies. This was ensured by the Pope, who not only laid claim to the spiritual legacy of the long-gone, world-embracing Caesarism. He wanted and wants power, nothing but power. The kingdom of Christ that he proclaims is his kingdom of this world.

"All the world is subject to Rome", that is his claim, of which he relinquishes nothing. The entirety of the world is

divided into two parts, one that he owns and the other that he claims. This is the basis his policy for the of his Lord Jesus Christ, whom he claims to have resurrected. And so that the battle for the claim is waged more fanatically, more ruthlessly, more purposefully and more quickly, he teaches his believers that the "last day", the day of the Lord, will only come when all the world bows its knees before the One.

The disjointed and disunited groups originating from rationalism have a hard time against this claim. They want to fight for the Golden Age and to achieve it with variously coloured "internationals" whose ultimate goal is a kind of heaven on earth in the sense of a more or less moderate communism whose germ of death lies precisely in the fact that it wants equality and not value judgement.

Modern" man staggers between the force fields of this "golden age" of the cross to for all eternity and the "heaven on earth" of the proclaimers of equality. He does not know whether his greater advantage lies in being "reactionary" in the sense of the cross or "revolutionary" in the sense of equality. He can reassure himself: he is reactionary in any case!

Let the "scholars" think their heads hot about their three phases of human development, let them in favour of this or that Golden Age, the reality of life has moved on.

The North has raised its voice and proclaimed its doctrine of race and value beyond the disputes of the day. It demands no return and no division, nor does it promise bliss; it has given the world the doctrine of the law and demands judgement.

And when, in later times, "scholars" rack their brains again about how they can explain this "phase" of humanity.

If they are to name their own nationality, they may write that it is "national".

Natiocentric: the nation at the centre!

In relation to the nation and based on it, this is the thinking of the millennium that begins with the elevation of the law to the centre of existence.

No "golden age" will be with bells of peace, no hosanna will be sung to it, and no palms will be strewn for it: it will ride in on a warhorse, followed by armed men who are ready to seek their homeland and right to live with a sword in their fist.

The opposing forces are bound anew to the unity of the community of destiny of those who are filled with the same blood, the same longing, the same will to find the way to freedom.

Natiocentric! The strong of this world fill the homeland with a new will to live, which does not want to establish a drowsy paradise on earth, but rather strives to establish the just order, according to which the strong have a duty, which calls them to rule. Not for the glorification of his own glory, not for the proclamation of the glory of a God, nor for the glory of a people, but solely for the eternal life of the nation, into which the life and honour of all flow.

In place of "thinking in terms of humanity" comes the proclamation of humanity, which can only unfold its highest flowering in the to the nation.

And the brighter and clearer the blossoming of the

individual nations is, the more powerful the image of this earth will be.

But the beauty that radiates from this image will be the masculine and warlike beauty of that Asenbourg, Asgard.

It is worthwhile yearning for this homeland, and all arrows of hope that fly towards this realm are fruitful.

The home of the strong, the realm of freedom is not a utopia, for the border posts are within reach of anyone whose will is coupled with knowledge and memory, whose blood has remained pure in order to hear the language of the soul and the murmur of the heart.

It was only in Germany, the heartland of the North, that the marvellous song of mysticism could be heard, which – despite some changes – contributed to shattering the relationship between master and servant that was proclaimed at Sinai as religion and the between God and man.

The Germanic man knows no bowing, no throwing himself into the dust, no kowtowing, neither before the lord of this world nor that.

It is unworthy and insulting for him to serve a god as a worm and to show a servant's attitude, but that is what it means to be "humble".

As a free and equal person, he pushes all mediators and intermediaries aside.

Meister Eckhart sang his Minne, and the remembrance he proclaimed was the oneness between "God" and man.

For one are the wills of all beings who are of the law.

Religiously speaking, the strong are therefore God's brothers, but never his servants or underage children or even his sheep!

The brotherhood of the strong does not stop at heaven. The fallen heroes, the Einherier, sit at a table with the Aesir as equals, as comrades, as brothers and drink from a cup with them.

The heroes derive their family tree from the gods.

Through the clouds of incense that surrounded him in his time, Eckhart saw Valhalla, when he was taken by the Brotherhood of the "children of God", spoke of the spark that connects with the divine universe.

And Valhalla saw in their minds all the religious rebels who no longer wanted to bend the knee or lower the neck because they desired to see the face and the eye of the God who wanted to give them orders.

The home of the strong is filled with the brotherhood among whom the commandments of the honour of warriorship are alive.

There is no levelling collective, there is no cult of individual heroes falling apart, there is the great community of those live and work, whose life is not expressed in a single act, but in constant creation.

That is why the millennium of the strong is not a paradise, because paradise can at best be a cultivated state, it is a violent life surrounded by tremors, earthquakes, hurricanes and storm surges, in which the weak die, but in which the strong become even stronger!

It is this longing, the longing for danger and testing, that separates the life-capable from the barren as early as boyhood, but once they have found their way to the home of the strong, they grow into the immortality of the idea.

Mysticism, like Romanticism, was just as familiar with rapture and sighing, and could often be characterised by the

"good thoughts". There is no room for this in the homeland of the strong, because the attitude that is revealed in this world is the attitude of heroic realism. Here every strong man is like Odin, on whose shoulders Huginn and Muninn sit, and Odin's thinking was neither unworldly nor hostile to action, nor was it even fanciful or pessimistic. Rather, it was responsible and forward-looking at the same time, sober and hard and yet full of benevolent concern, but only considering the strong, never taking the weak into account.

This is the broad of the attitude of heroic realism.

This is the arm that draws the bow from which the arrows of hope fly into the land of longing.

And can the weakling ever draw the bow?

He must remain in the lowlands of his instincts and a gracious God for the kindness to illuminate the haze of the lowlands with the dim radiance of the sun of grace.

In particularly humble hours, however, the weak ask that the sun of grace may also shine on their enemies, the strong! But they look into the clear light of the one sun of the law and laugh at all substitutes.

They have no fear of getting too close to the sun because they themselves are fire from fire and light from light.

They hear the harmony of the spheres and are filled with the sound of the great unity of the law, therefore they do not fall prey to the temptations of the sirens, whose songs seem to them to be pitiful and discordant; he who himself stands in the cycle of the eternal law and, like the stars, draws his course around the pole of the law, no longer strays the path, he is immune to temptation and betrayal.

That is why injustice is leaving the home of the strong.

It is pointless to ask whether the strong want to divinise or ungodise this earth. Suffice it to say that the strong fight for the conditions for the new creation of the earth through the law.

The time is not far off when the strong be given their homeland. That will be when the earth will provide space for their righteous lordship.

Then the new day will shine over childhood and yearning.

The Desire for Role Models

The time of childhood with its shelteredness is behind us. The maturing into humanity takes place never without pain and suffering, disappointment and renunciation.

Yes, in many cases, maturing is interspersed with labour pains, like a birth. And perhaps it is good and salutary that man falls from heaven to heaven until he lands with both feet on this earth. And it is certainly conducive to if, on his journey, man is expelled from every paradise that he has built for himself out of reservations and considerations, carelessness and lists. It is the true and only grace that life has to bestow that it lets man wander and wander again and again until one day he finds home, and this home is his heart, which teaches him the law.

If memory has a deep meaning, it is to keep alive man's longing – that is the demand for wandering. The great wandering is the destiny of the Nordic Race. Not that destructive, restless and hunted wandering of nomadic, parasitic creatures, but that mighty wandering of the soul that strives towards ever new goals and realisations, that creative restlessness that may appear demonic and frightening to the non- Nordic environment. This creative restlessness is just as perceptible in the Vikings and the culture-creating Nordic tribes who went all over the world to be the seed of luxuriantly burgeoning peoples – as we read in the myths of non-Aryan peoples who speak of the white sons of the gods from the North – as it is perceptible in the centuries of the Middle Ages, which were constrained

by the church. And there, where freedom took its last refuge in the scholarly parlours, world-shaking ideas emanated from barren attics.

This is the sacred restlessness of the Germans, who have preserved the legacy of Vikingism most purely of all the Nordic peoples. It comes alive in the Hanseatic League, in the bold ideas of Jürgen Wullenwever, the Lübeck rebel, in the heart of the Great Elector, and in the statesmanlike ideas of the Great Frederick. In Nietzsche, it bursts through the structures of a tired world. It turns burghers into solitaries, monks into indignant, unworldly scholars into heaven-storming explorers.

Any description of history remains piecemeal if it not based on this German demon, the holy unrest. And its opponents. Blessed is the state that knows how to catch the creative unrest in its sails, it steers immortality because it carries totality within itself.

German restlessness does not give birth to the addiction to innovation that is characteristic of many peoples, especially those of Romanic descent. Nor is dissatisfaction a characteristic of the restless and yearning of German blood. The holy restlessness is much more the ever watchful growing and maturing, the mysterious foreboding of the dangers of satiety and bliss. The northern region has therefore never the scene of bloodthirsty revolutions, but it has always been characterised by inexplicable fermentations and tensions.

The German nation needs only one revolution, but a total one: a revolution towards itself.

For centuries, crusts and foreign layers have covered the German substance and sought to conceal the law. In the total revolution, all these layers are to be stripped away in order to sweep "the lowest to the highest" in the best sense of the word. This is also in the literal sense

"Revolution" understood. The total German revolution is committed to the high purpose of new national creation.

But since the creation of the people an eternal process of growth, the bearers of the German revolution are full of restlessness and demand. Thus the total revolution of the is never nihilistic, but always and constantly subject to a higher purpose – namely to grow into the perfection of the law. Judged from this point of view, heroic realism is the compass needle that guarantees in every case that the lawful direction is maintained.

It is natural that the number of strong people who know about the law is small. Ultimately, it is only the few, the incorruptible, who become leaders of the masses and stamp the environment of their people their knowledge of the law.

However, when the healthy instinct recognises the few, the leaders, and carries the desire to join these role models the march into the future, a people to live, rise and achieve greatness.

It is significant that the real leaders never promise the people heaven on earth, but a life in the true freedom and duty of humanity.

In following the goals outlined, a people is divided into the longing and the greedy.

The times of dishonour, humiliation, powerlessness and

disgrace have always been those in which, instead of the leader, the demagogue knew how to awaken the instincts of the greedy. The fact that these times usually required voluntary deprivation, even deliberate poverty, turned greed into a crime and the demagogue into a cunning thief, often even a robber-murderer!

The desire for role models has been alive in the at all times, and it is a sign of the spiritual greatness of the North that the standards it set for role models enormous. In the heroic songs, long before the Song of the Nibelungs, all the wishes and demands of the role model were placed in the centre of the conception that longing people could only have of their role models that were to lead to action. And anyone who believed that they fulfilled the requirements to be a role model themselves could judge from these requirements how close or how far they were from the praised deed.

To this day, the basic feature Nordic poetry is the outstanding, unique, i.e. life. The young and old longing for this poetry repeatedly ignited the fire of enthusiasm that was to light their way home in dark hours.

During the period of decline, the Jewish or Jewish-infested writers came and gave descriptions of the state of non-heroic life. Their descriptions were often skilfully written and frequently exciting to read. Instead of longing, however, they contained greed, instead of courage, insolence. They did not praise the courageous of resistance as the wisdom of life, but rather the cunning approach to it. The term "Jewish" to skilful tactics in the face of life, which aim to advantages under all circumstances, even in

disgraceful circumstances. It is not a matter of enhancing the attitude to life by gaining new and heightened spiritual value, but of rummaging through those slag heaps of outdated conditions for usable remnants.

But there, where this Jewish spirit has clever theories of life,

As in Marxism, he developed systems for the advantageous international distribution of all available and non-material goods.

The Nordic spirit was determined to use the doctrine of lawfulness to create the dividing waters for the metals dormant in man, to give the strong the opportunity to become aware of his power and thus to become creative and fruitful. In this way, however, he created the for just rule.

Thus, the first consciously valuable person in contrast to the calculating and calculating Jewish spirit that speculated with the state was Nietzsche, who satisfied the desire for role models with the demand for the superman, the total human being, the man of law. Here the spirits could part – and they did so thoroughly.

Let it never be forgotten that one of the best and most valuable heritages in the Nordic racial soul is Vikingism, which was born of creative restlessness, gave the sedentary peasantry that longing for breadth and action in its blood and thereby saved it from the danger of spiritual fatty degeneration, a danger to which many peasant peoples who did not share in the inheritance of restlessness succumbed.

The creative demonisation of the Nordic people is particularly evident in the Vikings. The tough, brave and

knowledgeable men who sailed the seas in their small, seaworthy ships, well versed in astronomy and familiar with calculations, not only brought back welcome booty as a reward for their perilous voyages, like the murderous and scorching hordes of Asia, but also went on to found settlements and states. For mighty rulers, it was a special glory to have guards of honour from this exalted race.

The young warriors of the northern region chose leaders whom they intended to follow into the boundless expanses of manly, creative endeavour. More than the prospect of honour, fame and profit, they were driven by the longing to have duties, to be allowed to bear responsibility, to be able to give valid proof of outstanding prowess.

The law of the northern region cannot be reflected more beautifully and clearly than in this moral law of longing and restless young warriors.

The desire for role models arose from the wish to mobilise all existing values through the leader. The leader was not only allowed, he had to demand the highest and the last. They had to emulate him in life and in death. The awareness of being a role model in everything forced the leader to rise above himself, to become a hero.

Later, when the way into the wide world was walled up by mental barriers, the only thing left for those who yearned for it was die bravely as proof of their warlike spirit; courageous living was made almost impossible by the planned confinement.

And it gives food for thought that, for example, the majority of officers in the pre-war period prepared at all

times to bravely go before the soldiers on the battlefield, but there was virtually no sign of a courageous life in the period of preparation for war. This ultimately to the widespread, dangerous opinion that the soldier, and especially the officer, was only worth something in the event of war. Heroic death was the warrior's "profession", but the heroic life was undesirable and even hated in times that had grown tired and fed up.

Thoroughly clearing up this crazy notion is one of the greatest merits of the outstanding soldierly thinker Ludendorff, who so forcefully emphasised the importance of the soldierly life in his book *total war* is to have made this possible. His words "Make the people's soul strong" will one day stand like a beacon over the soldierly awakening of the National Socialist era.

The strong state, which pushes towards totality, knows about the unavoidable necessity of giving young, yearning people opportunity to satisfy their desire for role models. He knows that the Norse Race only remained so viable because – despite the artificial displacement of the heroic ideal by the sufferer type – a secret breeding choice took place that always the stronger type. Thus, even in the hour of his death, the strong man was able make a superior appeal to those who yearned for him and thus fulfil the seed of willingness to act could be planted. And it was precisely there, where the most inhospitable living conditions prevailed, where people laughingly all prospect of earning a living in order to avoid bricking the gout into their homes.

The realisation of the desire for role models is only possible if, on the one hand, there are no contradictions

between the idea and the appearance of the role model and, on the other hand, the role model is able to influence the will of those who yearn through the living example of his deeds. The circuit of the personality of the role model is only closed when the aspirants, realising that they can become greater through devotion, give themselves the hands of the role model as a living instrument of his harder will and clearer vision, without depersonalising themselves in the process.

This alone gives rise to loyalty.

Loyalty, however, is always a mutual relationship. There is no such thing as one-sided loyalty. That would be obedience at best. But obedience is also found in despotism.

More powerful than all obedience and more reliable than even the best-directed discipline is the knowing faithfulness of those who have entrusted themselves for better or worse to the example.

Therein lies the secret of victories over armies of small numbers loyal to the role model.

Calculating prudence can certainly bring about commitment and action. However, the success of prudence is called into question if the outcome does not appear certain.

Loyalty may be something "old-fashioned" in the eyes of the only wise. But the total state, which grows into eternity from this world through harmony with the law, may achieve a hundredfold through loyalty what the liberal state can achieve through prudence.

The more a nation is able to create role models for its

longing ones, the greater the number of faithful ones will be, who follow the leader who leads them into the heart of the nation.

One should bear in mind that only fantasists can die for theories. Ideals, however, are only achieved when leaders teach by living example that is possible and worth experiencing.

The guide becomes the organ through which the idea is taken out of the realm of unreality and brought to life.

And the more living people are able to give an image of the eternity of the nation through their actions, the more vivid the presence of a nation becomes.

Despotism is content to rule over blindly obedient people and uses the effective means of fear if necessary. Its agents are the rod-wielders and beadles, in whose hands the power of command placed.

The uniformity of the "conviction", which is ultimately nothing more than a quick "yes" to the often incomprehensible, is intended to guarantee the preservation of the required state.

Thus, despotism can only counter the desire for role models with the drill master's rod of discipline and lead those who yearn to submission through coercion.

Despotism exhausts itself in the enjoyment of power in the moment and views the future with concern. Any growth is dangerous to it. It is no coincidence that the roots of despotism, including mental despotism, have their breeding ground in the Orient.

The northern region could never have produced today's

world religions, and it meant the judgement of condemnation on the longing people when the dogmas of Christianity, born of the Sinaitic spirit, assumed command over the souls of northern people.

The total state, which is the living expression of the will of the people to wholeness, grows into power by the fact that instead of uniformity it is the diversity of the strong and, through selection, paves the way for the strongest to achieve superiority. It gives those who yearn the opportunity to work, and in doing so it proclaims their right to a homeland. Since knowledge of the law points the way to the goal, the total national state is free from the dangers of chaos, aberration and staggering.

The law does not provide an answer to those seeking advice in individual cases, but it does provide knowledge to those longing for it.

Nothing in the world of ideas and phenomena is based on grace and miracles. Everything that moves the world, everything that moves in this world, everything that carries life and gives life, is an expression of the law that never breaks through. Man carries in his soul the organ that connects him with the law. Instinct and will, blood and knowledge, in their unison, produce the sound that into the great harmony of the law. Where the tone becomes impure due to an inner discord, the organ closes itself off and no longer hears the harmony of the law. The final struggle of man is for inner purity, the preservation of unison, the destruction of all opposing forces of mixture that lead to disharmony.

The degree of inner purity determines the degree of

perfection of growing into, of being at home in the law.

For Judaism and the Christianity that sprang from it, "wanting to be like God" was the prerequisite for original sin, because the "Godlikeness" of man must inevitably cancel the master-servant relationship between God and man. But Judaism and Christianity their religions on this relationship; even the more delicate paraphrasing of Christianity as "father-child relationship" does not change this basic attitude, which must inevitably lead to the of humanity. But this

Strong in the all-governing law means weakening. The consolation of these religions leads at best to the filling of the human being with a pleaded "apparent force".

On the other hand, the man who stands in the law is strong like life itself, he stands beyond fear and submits neither to a "providence", nor to fate, nor even to the counsels of a personal God. Since his inner harmony connects him with the harmony of the law, he is part of the great law itself, which is why he is "like God".

Even in times when the knowledge of the law was lost, the ancestry, the memory, remained. The distracted thinking of the greatest theologians who came from the North also revolved around "the God" who was able to fulfil people to the point of brotherhood with him and ended in heresy against Sinai and against the Bible of the Old and New Testaments. Heresy was and remained all those currents that flowed together in "mysticism" and "pantheism". Time and again, the law revealed itself in the strong, who heralds of freedom. Thus the memory remained alive. For centuries, the northern region was

ravaged by battles, but whenever it called for a fight for freedom, it was always moved by the rhythm of the law.

The history of the northern region resembles a fever curve, which, after life-threatening crises, after maximum temperatures and frightening sub-temperatures, approaches the point of recovery of the law.

Although the grail at Delphi was contrary to Nordic thinking, the saying that shone from the shrine to the pilgrim was a word of the law:

Know yourself!

The call to contemplation is the first step towards realisation, towards knowledge of one's own law. From here comes realisation, the gateway that leads to the home of the strong.

But the strong become an example because they are the image of the law!

The law is the power that rules over life and death, over creation, decay and renewal, whose origin lies beyond human perception, but with whose harmony it is the ultimate longing of the knowing to harmonise. It is only given to the strong to unite the sound of his soul with the great harmony of the universe, because neither the hope of reward nor the fear of the superiority of fate can cloud his pure sense of the greatness of the law.

The strong man's instinct points him like a magnetic needle to the pole of power. So the strong man also knows the "right moment" for his actions. So he is a believer in knowledge! He is able to find the right path through his will, which not revealed to the weak by a miracle.

The law is greater than all the "dear gods" that people have created to comfort their weakness. The law itself is greater than all ideas, since it is the seed of all life, the primal will of all phenomena. Thus, distance from the law is worse than any "godlessness"!

The law can no more be captured in dogmas than the sun in sacks.

There is no "faith" or "belief" in relation to it.

"Unbelief", but only the will to perfect the deed or instinctless persistence in inactive, fearful contemplation.

To stand in the law means to lead oneself to perfection, what are all prayers of fear in comparison?

Will, research and instinct, the language of the blood, teach us to recognise the lawfulness of life, which is part of the lawfulness of the universe. And the wisdom of man to live is to live lawfully in order to preserve life itself.

Recognising the law means that the strong must beware of everything that is hostile to the development of life. He who lives in the law is strong; but where man consciously acts in the law, he grows beyond himself.

The life expression of the strong, the attitude, springs from that knowledge of the law that compels people to be effective and leads to a sublime security of the feeling of life, to dignified calm and superior pride.

In the age of staggering, of remoteness from the law, the dogged defiance of loneliness has often dug hard features around the mouth of the strong, but the further the home of the strong takes possession of this earth again, the more the features of the lonely gain that serene cheerfulness

which is the true mirror of a law-conscious soul.

In contrast to this is the nervous haste of the reeling, who, driven by errant instincts, consume themselves in aimlessness. The feeling of insecurity frightens their will and subjects it to moods from which action can never be born.

The insecure, the weak, try replace the missing rhythm with doctrines and dogmas, religions, healing foods, immortality drinks and similar means and to bring about a sense of security in life through this replacement. The fact that they often succeed in doing so leads them to presumptuously claim the infallibility of their methods and teachings, which are often presented as the only way to achieve salvation.

But those who yearn never allow doctrine to be a substitute for life, dogmas can never satisfy their desire for role models.

Where the home of the strong has become a reality, the religions of redemption give way to ethos.

Where the truth of the law demands that the strong be made stronger, the religions of salvation die.

There, the north triumphs over the Orient.

There, the glow of the mountain of the midnight sun outshines the smoke of Mount Sinai.

The desire for role models repeatedly drives the longing to disregard the haunting images and idylls of "happiness" beyond the path to the goal.

The idyll tempts us to remain contemplative, to be

"cosy", but with it, growth and maturity – in short, life – come to an end.

The strong of all times never saw "happiness" as the continuation of an endearing state, but as a duty, a struggle, a great transformation. It was not possession and power *per se* that were worth striving for, but only effectiveness. They fought their struggle for freedom for the opportunity to fulfil the law in a formative way.

The strong man is therefore "un-romantic" in his expressions of life.

The heroic realism of the strong life does not work with moods, but with demands.

For the sake of these demands, the yearning ones confess to the role models. They are the beacons that light the way through the darkness until the dawn of the early morning.

The songs of the longing are not polished and smooth like those of the dreamers who lie in the grass and gaze up at the sky. They are brittle and rough and full of marvellous astringency, just like the path the longing ones travel.

The songs that praise the "happiness" of the strong are songs of battles and struggles.

The strong man knows that an idea without a sword is a dream, just as a sword without an idea is a lifeless piece of iron.

The joy of life, the knowledge of the magical powers of will, revitalises the dead and gives the thing soul. Without joy of life, however, the living is dead.

There, where the longing ones stride forward in the

desire for role models, the world is lived through. A new spring, an awakening of creative instincts, is sweeping over this earth.

The desire to "become better" lifts the hearts of those who yearn. For them, becoming better means further into the perfection of the law until fulfilment. The morally good for them is the purity of the law. Therefore, their morality is not compassion, because every compassion means a stooping down, a descending into the sick. Rather, their demand is to call the strong to the brotherhood of the way and the goal.

Those who lead the longing ones to freedom know the secret of success: it is a matter of awakening and keeping awake the noble passions, the passions that can overthrow the gods and tear down the heavens if the heavens and gods should conspire against freedom.

The noble passions, once awakened, are themselves what inflame the will to ever higher flight into new worlds.

The will bears witness with the soul to the bold thought that knows no obstacle and no despair, that has its home in the universe and is able to place the image of the universe in the smallest being and the smallest thing.

The boldness of thought was once able to give man wings so that he could rise from the dust of the earth into the pure light of the clouds.

Remember that it reserved to Nordic mankind dream the dream of Daedalus and Icarus and to invent the fairy tale of Wieland the blacksmith, just as it was reserved to them to invent this dream, to mankind's boldest dream in

creative action.

There, where the strong man became so great and lonely that the role models were left behind, he grew into a seer. It was given to him to see the great light of the law. His vision was holier than all the prophecies of the world.

But the North could never of religions of salvation, because it sought fulfilment in the world of reality and did not seek to leave reality on ladders to heaven.

Only the guide to the reality of the law could become a role model for him, but never the prophet who called him to follow in the realm of dreams.

The law of eternal becoming itself has driven the strong to select role models and the addicted by means of a breeding programme which, even in times of death, guarantees that at least one bearer of life can move into a near future.

Many races had to die because they were not allowed to see a new earth with at least one survivor after the twilight of their gods; their blood could not celebrate resurrection because the will to live had died.

Despite countless changes, the Aryan Raphael was allowed to rise again and again because the lonely the secret of the law in caves and on mountains and guarded it as a sacred heritage until the day of dawn, when those addicted to longing set out to discover the secret of freedom and proclaim it to the world.

Christianity was radically clever in its will to destroy the law. It cast the natural man into hell in order resurrect a "second Adam". In every baptism it carries out the symbolic

death and the symbolic resurrection. The second Adam, however, is the "selfless" man in the true sense of the word, the man without his own will, without an inner being his own, without any self, without spirit. The original spirit is banished so that the Spirit of the Lord may fill it.

The "fulfilment" that Christianity preaches is a passive one. But the fulfilment that the strong experience by growing into the perfection of the law is the most active conceivable.

To be completely filled with oneself in order to be filled with the Spirit of the Lord is the mysterious interpretation of the miracle of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. And whoever is filled with this Holy Spirit according to the Christian faith speaks a third language, is a third generation. There is no longer blood, no will, no rapture, no language, there is only being filled with a foreign, extra-personal spirit, with the holy spirit of the Lord. The second Adam now walks as a guest on this earth until his final "redemption" and everything that reminds him of the time of the first Adam is "sin".

In fact, Christianity's method of destroying the personality is of an astonishing boldness that does not even shy away from tracking down and slaying the first Adam in the hidden recesses of the most secret thoughts. Remorse and repentance, confession of sin and proxy forgiveness are effective means of detection and destruction. To give oneself completely to the Lord and his Spirit is the highest happiness of the Christian who has lost his self. Submission to the will of the ONE is tantamount to submission to those who him, the highest morality! And the single-

minded policy of the cross is obedience to the command to conquer the world for the Lord.

This principle has chosen clever people to realise it, otherwise the success of this anti-law would not be so surprising.

But how much greater will be the victory of the strong for the homeland if one considers that the strong the law, i.e. is rooted in the natural, and does not need unnatural disempowerment, but rather must fight for the fulfilment of his self.

The politicians of the cross know that their mortal enemies have arisen in the law-bound, liberal strongmen who are preparing to establish order on this earth. They fear that the desire for role models must one day lead beyond the indignation of the longing to the fight for the homeland of the strong. That is why they praise the weak and humble who have been promised heaven. That is why they curse all the strong, who are to be cast out like Lucifer, the bringer of light.

The desire for role models drives the longing ones into ever new struggles for perfection. The desire to become stronger even restrains the instincts, so that even in lust the holiness of the will casts its glamour. The yearning addict desires sons as heirs to the struggle for freedom and knows himself eternally connected to the creative law through children and grandchildren.

Christian asceticism, which does not recognise the hereditary struggle and is under the curse of original sin, can only see sin in lust because it lacks any understanding of

the higher purpose of procreation. This also determines the attitude towards women: the strong man sees in her the holy refuge of motherhood, the Christian sees only the hearth of sin and temptation.

The time has come when the message of the strong will no longer unheard by deaf ears. And the time has come for motherly women to stand up for the honour of pregnancy and to punish the impudent word of defilement.

May it be recognised and never forgotten what it means to the men and women of the northern region when the Saviour of Christians is said to have been born of an "immaculate" virgin, who remained a virgin even after her birth until her death!

The law crowns the strong with the crown of yearning. But this means that the law creates no new man, no second man. The man who is of pure blood, who is able to wield the sword of the spirit and to hurl the spear of the will, does not need to be redeemed from his body, but rather needs the constant strengthening of his gifts into perfection, to be redeemed from his body, until he is able to see the light of the law in the flight of his soul. But only the character of a personality that has retained its self is able to stir and control the wings.

This is where the gulf between the strong and the opens up. The humble believe that man's ultimate purpose is to and praise God and relegate humanity to the cosy sphere of pious contemplation. The strong, however, knows that humanity can only be realised in the effectiveness of the law, in the knowing order in which the strong must place the world of phenomena accessible to him.

The strong man has not received a missionary mandate from the Lord to lay the "world" at his feet. Rather, the strong man knows that he is called to be the bearer of the law and the upholder of order, which is why his is based on the constant struggle to recognise the law and its effects.

The wisdom of the strong is readiness for growth, is being awake to the voice of longing, is seeing the effect of the law. The deed of the strong is the sword that wisdom real. But for the strong it means life, for the weak it means death.

The reality of the strong has given its commandments and orders and created a chivalrous morality – beyond the commandments of the Sinai – which is able to respond to all the hardships and demands of existence:

Bring yourself into harmony with the law and fight
for your nation to become the home of the strong!

Chivalrous morality cannot be learnt like a creed or a prayer. Nor does it create priests. It can only send teachers into the world to show people the way into their own hearts. It can only choose strong people as leaders who are able to satisfy the longing of those addicted to role models.

Thus the rule of the priests will come to an end when the strong have taken over the guidance of the souls of those who yearn. The guidance of the souls of the longing ones, however, will consist in the proclamation and reception of the wisdom of the strong. In this way, justice as an expression of the inner order of the law will also return to the home of the strong.

Justice consists in values being in the "right order";

where the external order of things and beings does not correspond to the law, arbitrariness with its disastrous manifestations and consequences must inevitably arise.

Times far removed from the law have attempted to "educate". It was thought that a person could be made "free" by stuffing him indiscriminately with all kinds of cheap "knowledge". The result was only that such a person became demanding to the point of being unashamed, a fundamentally dissatisfied person, a hunter for advantages and therefore just an unfree person.

Rather, the "elevation" of humanity consists in the fact that each person effective in the community of the people according to his or her nature. Justice thus becomes the ruler. There is a supreme wisdom of the state, which is able to be the expression of the home of the strong: to recognise the values of the people and to use them, that is to say, to exploit them. Values without effectiveness are theory. Therefore, where the strong push towards the wholeness of life and create a home for themselves, the total state will emerge as the best means to a higher end, also from the point of view of the highest utilisation of values because true culture can only arise where the unity of life has been brought about through the realisation of the law, the total state is the first cultural state.

His task is to protect the soul guidance of the longing from every advance of the weak, who are only capable of causing confusion. He is the living shell around the seed of the eternal life of the nation. The desire for role models finds its effective fulfilment in the fact that those who yearn their leaders in the service of the state. Their perfection will

be proved by the perfection of the state, which unfolds to totality through their service.

The desire to fulfil one's duty and thus fulfil one's own law places the strong far above the ambitious, whose motives are vanity and greed.

The ambitious know no desire for role models and therefore have no desire to be role models themselves. No fellowship is possible with them because their will is without character. They can never be heralds of freedom and fighters for the idea, because at best they use the idea as a cover for their personal striving for power. Power that is not related to community and nation, however, results in despotism and arbitrariness.

Ambition, which manifests itself in a lust for power, leads to disloyalty on the part of those possessed by it, as they only seek the company of men in order to their goal using them as tools for their endeavours. Once they reach their goal, they betray their tools.

Ambitious revolutionaries have dragged nations to ruin, while role models who led men to freedom were able to raise nations to the heights of true power.

It is part of the wisdom of the total state to separate the addicted from the ambitious and to hand over the administration of a nation's heritage to the strong.

Where the strong man has found the way into his heart, he grows into a personality. And where personality exercises its law, it becomes fruitful in the community.

The nation to which the longing of the strong belongs is vital. The state that gives the strong a home is vital. The will

to act that sows eternity is vital.

Of Men and Their Work

The restless north was the last refuge of freedom, because it was also the lonely eyrie of strong people who frightened the world that had fallen away from the law with their interpretations and their hard and unheard-of will to live. And the restless, interpretative German in particular appeared to the old, dying world as a demon who was constantly attacking the walls of the illusory order, who as a heretic instinctively set fire to the rotten temples, who as a rebel out of lust for life mocked the dogmas, those "revelations" of the unspirit, who resisted the "system", the illusory, arbitrary "order" born of weakness and, knowing about the law, defiantly and defiantly danced out of line.

The new science of the laws of the spirit and of the idea will prove that the lonely ones of the last millennium, the demonic rebels, were the true heralds of their time; it will indeed overthrow idols and overthrow many a hypocritical altar, but above all it will be able to mark out the spiritual and mental precincts of the home of the strong.

From this point of view, it is worth examining Plato's sensational demand for the involvement of philosophers in government.

The spirit of a time is determined by the transmission of the vibrations of the law, which are absorbed by strong men.

The greatness of the man lies in making his deed the of the law. His hardened will is the metal that transmits the sound of harmony clearly and purely.

Genius, however, is the valid and perfect realisation of the law in its time.

The knowledge of the lawfulness of his creative life has at all times driven the genius to battle with the adverse forces. The awareness of his "sensation" – that is, obedience, the fulfilling commitment to the law – has forced the genius to complete the construction of his work, stone by stone, regardless of persecution and mockery, the exact plan of which was reflected in the contemporary thinking that guided the mind to design.

From his lonely height, the genius proclaimed his vision of the big picture. Where small minds were only able to see seemingly insurmountable walls, the heights and depths, the hidden places, abysses and chasms of the world of appearances spread beneath him like a map. Where small minds saw wide cracks and crevices, dividing rivers and seas, the genius saw the and wholeness of the law, which brings everything together in order.

When small minds knelt in the dust, worshipping partial knowledge, the genius, in his knowledge of the inexhaustible all-working greatness of the law, could mock those who set out to catch the light with mousetraps and thought they had once and all hidden the light of truth in sacks.

To small minds, genius must always appear destructive, just as a child is both outraged and sad proud buildings rise up where yesterday it was playing in the sand.

The child will never want to accept that its playground, its paradise, must give way to serious work. Weeping and

lamenting, it will watch as one day the stone with which it knew how to play intimately, which perhaps meant the whole world to it, is fitted as a tiny particle into a huge foundation.

For childish people it may be cruel that the creation of the work, the realisation of the ideas and plans that the law commands through genius, takes no account of children's tears, children's dreams, children's plans. A smashed doll does not mean the end of the world, at most the end of a foolish illusion. Just as a master builder would be insane if he were to zigzag his walls around the playgrounds of sad children the construction of his work, so genius would have missed its hour if it wanted to conceal the reality of its show in favour of romantic dreams.

The attitude of the genius was at all times conditioned by heroic realism. His realism included the unconditional courage to be truthful. Without heroism, however, this believing and knowing "nevertheless" that overcomes resistance, realism would lack its weapon of attack.

The truly great ideas and works have grown out of heroic realism. Faith" alone has never moved mountains, at best it has only been able to suggest them.

The home of the strong is the birthplace of genius.

While in the previous millennium genius was mostly excluded from the of the earthly and had to itself to writing its plans in the stars for posterity, the home of the strong brings the of the idea.

The weak and the half-dead have because of resistance

and failure, while the strong have stepped knowingly into their final isolation. But now they will gather from the scattering and return to their homeland as victors.

The ignorant will freeze when they realise that death was not able to overcome genius, that it rather lets its spirit rise from the grave as a living witness on the day when the parts of the universe, heaven and earth, separated by delusion, error and crime, will unite to form a new wholeness.

The twilight of the gods is over, the Northland with its realisation of the law brings the new earth on which the strong will have a home.

The old and dying world does not yet understand the unheard-of events that are taking place in the heart of the North. Nor do many witnesses of the new reality yet see the law that is shaking the North. Despairing, they sense doom where the labour pains herald the birth of the knowing human being.

It is the pride of knowing Germany to be the birthplace of the eternal nation, which rises above all the half-measures, errors and imperfections of the moment. The human soul has freed itself from the clutches of the dungeon, has burst all the shackles in which heart and mind were bound, and fills the strong man anew, making him the executor of the law.

What are all the curses, all the heretics, all the slander against this fact!

The moment with its temptations is the hour of probation, in which the half-hearted and corruptible fail and perish. But the strong, in the hour of their victory, look

over the earth and its history and seek example and warning.

To this day, a figure haunts this earth and claims to be a guide to perfection. Millions of people bow in reverence before the figure of the Jewish revelator Moses.

Millions of people have thought with a holy shudder that Moses was directly in contact with the LORD was allowed to negotiate and must therefore have been unrivalled in his godliness.

However, Moses as a religious figure is of only minor importance, even if the followers of various denominations may object to this assertion; neither the "laws" that Moses allegedly received from the LORD's hand and passed on are outstanding original religious creations, nor even the numerous highly miraculous encounters that this skilful Jewish tribesman claimed to have had with the LORD arouse anything other than perhaps psychological interest.

The popular work of Moses, on the other hand, is extremely instructive.

As an aside, it is not without a certain charm to note that all oriental religious founders are of partly obscure and partly mythical origin. This leads us to declare them to be sons of God, but in no way conceals the secret of their cleverness, which was superior to that of their environment and usually also deceptive. From time to time, great prophets have also racial bastards. Moses emerges from a very mysterious darkness – the pharaoh's daughter plays a somewhat embarrassing role – and steps into the light of the

culture of the pharaoh's court. One day, as he observes the Jews at work making bricks, an activity they dislike but find useful, the voice of blood awakens in him and reveals his Jewish ancestry. He suddenly finds it an unbearable disgrace that members of his blood, locked up in concentration camps by the Egyptians, have to serve a caste of masters that is superior in every respect. Moses himself was fully educated in the culture of this master caste and, obedient to the command of his blood, stooped down to his brothers in order to lift them up.

This fact alone is remarkable, because from this point onwards the Jewish prophets of all periods exclusively to the brothers of their blood. Even the most successful of them, Jesus Christ, testifies in the scripture: "I have come only to the lost sheep of Israel"! All the stories and prophecies of the "Old Testament" go back to Moses, who such a close relationship with the LORD, which is why it must be recognised from the story of the Jews becoming a people through Moses that the "facts of salvation" in the Old Testament relate exclusively to the Jewish people.

It means an almost infamous degree of ignorance to derive from the work of Moses an appeal to the entire non-Jewish world. And it is also a criminal degree of stupidity not to want to know that obedience to Yahweh, the LORD and God of Moses, is synonymous with spiritual and thus total submission to the Jewish law.

Moses, as an extremely determined and clever nation-builder, knew that it was by no means enough to free the Jewish three-quarter nomads from the concentration camps and let them wander around haphazardly as a random tribe

in their newly won freedom. Moses' primary concern was to create a new home with the strongest spiritual ties for the liberated Jews.

The fact he succeeded in this great work is not so much a miracle of Yahweh, but rather the fruit of a hard struggle aimed at the spiritual homelandisation of the Jews. Before Moses, the "history" of the Jews consisted of the comical "heroic songs of the more cheerful than holy "arch-fathers" who were familiar with many a trick. After Moses and through him, a "history of salvation" emerges, which became the basis of two world religions with countless confessions! This must be borne in mind in order to fully appreciate the greatness of the work of Moses, who recognised his blood.

The fact that the Jews stole the valuables of their previous masters during their escape from the Egyptian concentration camp – Exodus of the Children of Israel is a poetic exaggeration – is significant and revealing, but of less importance than the appearance of the "strangler angel", i.e. a Jewish terror squad that slaughtered the particularly important Egyptian supervisory officials and dignitaries in the name of the LORD. The LORD wanted the Jews to be free, so he gave them the victory! A very important psychological weapon to combat the last remnants of the servant mentality and the first beginnings of a new, albeit Yahweh-centred and therefore dependent, religion.

The LORD wanted the Jews to be saved, so he opened the waves of the Red Sea with his miraculous hand to bring the Jews through dry- shod and drown the Egyptian warriors!

Again, a very skilful psychological means to take away the feeling of insecurity from the persecuted and to fill them with the proud confidence: "We stand in the hand of the LORD and through HIM we are mightier than the mighty"!

The spiritual experience of being stronger than the strong through "miracles" in all weakness has not left the Jews in their entire life of faith to this day. All the more shameful is the fact that to this day the soul experiences of the Jewish sphere have been imposed on foreign racial souls by the religions in order Jewise these races! Just think of the smiles with which Jews hear the praise of their Yahweh resounding from cathedrals and churches, monasteries and chapels. They know that Yahweh has saved them so that they should be masters of this earth in order to lay the world at Yahweh's feet. And the nations, to whom they are to bring destruction and death at Yahweh's command, praise HIM because HE has led the Jews through the man-killing sea!

Truly, the Jew can be grateful to his zealous allies, what once served him as a spiritual explosive in preparation for world conquest, lived on from century to century as an explosive germ in the souls of the "missionised" peoples.

What the Jew once proclaimed in skilful raids as the will of the LORD became in Christianity missionary campaigns against the souls of the still free peoples. The Jew was content to treasures on the ruins of the nations; the mission of Christianity will not rest until the last soul has been subjected to the "Kingdom of the Lord".

In order to understand the questions of the "Kingdom of God" and the struggle for its realisation, it is necessary to recognise the work of Moses. Moses skilfully deprived the Jews of the feeling of being lost, of being forsaken, of being rejected, by having Yahweh, the ONE, the LORD, appear in numerous roles. They were lulled into the belief that with Yahweh they were everything, but without Him they were nothing.

You are thirsty, Jew? Behold, you must die of thirst, for there is no water far and wide! if Yahweh does not help at the last moment, you are lying! Only believe, then you will be saved! And the Jew believes, believes until Moses strikes the magic wand against the rock and lets a fresh spring flow into the sand.

You are hungry, Jew? Behold, your end is near, for where will food come to you; Yahweh is your Saviour, only believe! And Moses rains down manna from heaven through Yahweh!

You do not know where you should set foot in your hopelessness, Jew; behold, you must go astray, you must perish, for there is no way out! but if your Yahweh will take you by the hand and lead you to a safe place! And Moses lets Yahweh shine forth in a fiery cloud before the multitude of the Jews, towards a distant but sure destination. And if the doubt is too persistent in the ranks, then Moses lets Yahweh shake in mountains or speak in fires, so that the doubters have faith again "the Lord is with me, I will not fear"!

Miracle follows miracle, and these hammer blows of the "Revelation" forges the souls into an indissoluble bond with

the LORD. Thus, by being forged to the idea of Yahweh, the Jews become a unity, an indissoluble community of destiny.

In the prophets of later days, blacksmiths repeatedly arise who reforge the brittle and fragile parts of the binding.

Moses goes one step further: he not only gives his Jews a long-lost trust in a power – even if only borrowed – he allows them to be superior to the foreign peoples, since these foreigners have no Yahweh. Moses created a people from the soul of a lost tribe and gave this wandering, cheating, stealing, murdering people, which represents the scum of humanity not only racially but above all morally, the right to possess the whole world with all its treasures and values. That is saying something!

The Jew clings all the more tightly to the promise of finite power the more he learns that every time he lets the hand of the LORD slip, he must fall into the abyss. The religion of the Jew is fundamentally orientated towards the purpose of not only being preserved, but of being the final victor and owner of this earth. With his victory march he has to proclaim the honour of the LORD. This is the only consideration that Moses demands.

The blessing of Yahweh manifests itself in rewarding ways, so it is unwise and suicidal not to be "pious".

The Jew has received this teaching. That was the great work of Moses. Let us now understand that the Jewish stories almost without exception praise the miracles of Yahweh; faith is to be hardened to the certainty that Yahweh is unconquerable. From the throne of the LORD, from the

ark of the covenant, such power still emanates that the idols of foreign nations fall on their noses when that throne is near.

Weak little Jewish boys throw stones at a hero who is not under the blessing of Yahweh; weak Jewish girls outwit the brave of foreign nations. Nothing else is to be shown than the "fact of salvation" that Yahweh is powerful in the weak and raises him above the strong, even when he is clearly in the wrong. That is why Yahweh also prefers a repentant sinner, i.e. a sinner who puts himself back under his "providence", to the righteous who do not care about him.

It's not about right or wrong, it's about believes in Yahweh. And Yahweh is happy to let five be even, he is generous if you only believe in him. But he jealously watches over the "true" faith.



This work of Moses is an astonishing deed that stands alone in the intellectual history of mankind!

We must not forget that the fanatical Jewish horde, under the wise guidance of Moses, became a proud, indeed sophisticated people, despite all their distortions and eccentricities.

We know that the idea of Yahweh is ultimately nothing other than the Jewish soul's instinct for rebellion and power distorted into something monstrous, as Moses saw it and wanted to see it.

In the faith of the Jews, the time of the "trials" has always only been the purification process through which the Jewish soul was to be forged even more intimately to the

saviour Yahweh.

The intellectual history of Judaism is therefore characterised to this day by that strange trait of coldly calculating materialistic cunning and psalmodic, almost romantic longing, which stems from that Mosaic-Yahwistic mixture of feelings of optimism, opportunism, realism, greed, greediness, cruelty, gratitude to the benevolent donor Yahweh, lustful destructiveness from the slave instinct, the communal instinct of the persecuted, the need for the weak to lean on others, and was encrusted ever more thickly with the uplifting feeling of reserved as the chosen people to rule this earth.

This is the only way understand the Old Testament: it is the curse of Yahweh against those who do not want to hear his commandment, and the blessing for those who want to unite under his guidance to form an unconditional community.

Merciless against everything foreign – spiritually and bloodily – full of hatred against every strong person, suspicious of every self-willed person: this is how Yahweh's representative, the high priest, jealously watches over the growth of the "God"-state, full of delight over everything that serves the ultimate goal, against every, even the most innocent endeavour to want to live without Yahweh's influence.

The Jew knows no God-seeking, he knows no brooding over the ultimate connections, no struggle for the possible knowledge of the law: for him, "piety" is obedience to Yahweh. This is the be-all and end-all of the entire Yahwistic theology, which leaves man neither freedom nor research,

neither truth nor naturalness, but rather imbues him with the will of Yahweh, who demands the sacrifice of all self-growth and casts out the "disobedient".

Every concept of God becomes foolishness before the command of submission. The Old Testament is almost a textbook of the submission of souls to a commandment obey the will of the one who gives away the world as a reward once the Bible is recognised for its untrue character as "religious" book or even as a document of the will of salvation

"God", awakened people will stand shuddering before the violence that once absolute politics on earth under the cloak of a "God". Moses, however, will be cited as an example of a dictator of the soul, the greatest dictator of the soul, who succeeded in creating a nation from an unsteady and volatile horde tainted with the stigma of criminality by igniting a "religious" will.

But the curse of the awakened will befall all those who paved the way for the Jewish striving for world domination carrying the Jewish "religion" out into the world in a zealous and righteous, arrogant and cruel manner and laying the axe at the root of all peoples whose last wish was to live and develop according to their own law.

Every "world religion" engages in power politics, and even if only two or three are together in the name of their "god", as they say, they are so filled with the command of this "god" that they become his instruments.

Bibles only a magical effect as long as their spell is fresh.

They therefore need to renewed and refreshed from time to time. The moment the magic fades and the light of truth, the glow of the law, which is the only deity, shimmers through the fog of incense, the strongest awaken from their stupor, the bravest rise from their humility, rise up and take action against the bells of stupefaction.

It then proves to be very for the founders of religions to have created "eternal religions".

It is true that the first, the awakened, are endangered for the sake of their realisation, they are tried and attempted to be killed, eliminated from their people, made "impossible", but their swift action is enough to tear the blindfold from the eyes of thousands. And these thousands in turn bring about the judgement with whose help justice reign.

But what are the threats and punishments against justice that can be imposed by those who are still under the spell of their enslaving "religion"?

The avengers are at the door: yesterday the Jews were still on their way to world domination by means of their "religion", today they are already fleeing fearfully from the first awakening among the nations into the last hiding places on earth.

Yesterday enchanted people of all nations knelt before the arch- fathers of the Jews, today they laugh at these Jewish "saints" and call them swindlers, pimps, impudent magicians and brazen seducers!

But Moses proved one realisation: that whoever has the soul of a people, of a human being, also controls all areas of life, politics, the economy, the world view, the longing.

He who has learnt in this "religion" will not rest until he has liberated the soul of his people for truth and action, for reality and law.

"Make the people's soul strong!"

For the sake of this word alone, the "world religions" will hound and persecute a man like Ludendorff.

For the sake of the realisation that Race is history and destiny, that world power will never make peace with National Socialism, whose symbol of freedom is the swastika, the sign of creative life, of the sun, of indivisibility, of the totality of this world.

But what now, if that world power, that Jewish "religion" perishes? Will not the anxious lamentingly search for a "foothold", for a purpose in life – surely it is the case that no one can, will and will give them a "replacement". "Help yourself and God will help you", demands a harsh but truthful saying.

With Yahweh, the wrathful and avenging "God", fear disappears from the world, but so does the hope of reward. Thinking no longer revolves around those poles, it becomes free for the great demands of this world. The once humiliated human being rises to the full stature of his law and thus to fulfilment, to action. The conscious planting of seeds of life, which he fills with his blood, his spirit, his will, is his action for eternity. And his righteousness is his working in the right and his struggle for this order against all arbitrariness.

But he who overcomes fear has no need of "hope". For

above all the "hope" of the "servants of God", of those want to be servants in earnest, rises the certainty of the strong that in their knowledge of the law and in their faith in the immutability of the deed that leads to perfection, the eternity of their life's struggle is enclosed.

Anyone who has once risen to freedom avoids the pitfalls of the religions of salvation, which want to bring him once again into servile dependence, into a relationship of bondage to a "god".

The free man, who is called to rule over all realities, rejects every "heaven" that wants to make him submissive, yielding, weak.

The very clever Jew Walther Rathenau once, in an imprudent hour, revealed his knowledge of the preconditions of the bondage of the soul that emanates from Sinai when he pointed out that no one can escape Sinai: Moses, Jesus Christ, the liberal philosophy of a Spinoza are for him the paths that lead to Sinaitic entrapment!

The free man who has found his way into his own heart sees the net that the whole world in invisible meshes.

And does not the one who alienated himself from the church often become a victim of vain sects that forge him even closer to Yahweh; does not the one who surrendered to spiritualism become a slave to frightening revelations that ultimately lead back to the wrathful "God" of Sinai; is not the believer in the stars a will-less victim in the hands of hasty "astrologers", who in turn are puppet figures in the hands of certain Jewish-Cabalistic circles; Are they not

behind the Theosophists, the Anthroposophists, the Christian Scientists, the Serious Bible Students, the thousands of occult associations and the organisations that support this? The clever strategists of Sinai want to lead "humanity" to the "light" through mysteries or perhaps only through certain "fruit juices"; after all, aren't all "international" and "supranational" functionaries of Sinai, even if they don't want to know it?

The free man who has found knowledge and realisation frees himself from all entanglement, even if he is enslaved in his freedom. From the mountain of knowledge he will not allow himself be drawn back into the depths of superstitious and blind fear.

What does it matter to him if the "servants of God" accuse him of godlessness, what does it matter to him if he is labelled a pagan! He laughs at those who call him a destroyer, an unbeliever.

The free person who affirms the mighty life with its struggles, sufferings and victories, with its downfalls and ascents, and who fulfils this life to perfection with his deeds, stands above all nihilism, which may be the attitude of the passive.

Whoever affirms the deed and strives for its fulfilment is already above the "nothing" through his will.

The free man became too great in his self-responsibility and too hard in the fulfilment of his duty to accept the servile offer that

"call upon me in trouble, and I will deliver you, and you shall praise me"

made use of.

The call of the strong man is directed solely to his soul, to his will, so that the sound that connects him to the rhythm of the creative law once again enter his heart.

The strong man needs no Yahweh, neither his reward nor his threat. Even patron saints cannot help him, otherwise how could he be proud of his freedom – but he greets Prometheus and Lucifer as confidants, as comrades, as travelling companions to the perfect home of the strong.

Who dares to pity the strong for the sake of his divine defiance?

The marvellous defiance of the free is more than arrogance: it is at the same time the great rebellion of instinct against all oppression.

One could also call defiance the Nordic hereditary will to preserve the law-abiding life: For where in the world has defiance filled men's hearts to such an extent as in the Nordic region?

The defiant heart was still the last refuge in despair in the face of certain death, and the defiant belief in the victory of the soul over enmity was the last arrow that the mortal wound was able to shoot.

The heroic songs of the North are at the same time superior philosophies of defiance that lead men to heights of experience to which no religion knows how to elevate the addressed.

The soul, which lets that chord resound in the true human being, which comes from the harmony of everything that awakens life – that is longing and

indignation of the Nordic blood, will, instinct, spirit – grows, receives precisely through defiance the final impetus to soar above every obstacle, which results in the most powerful discoveries and the boldest show.

Thus Gothic is nothing more than the longing and defiance of the Nordic soul turned to stone. And despite the narrowness of dogmatic thinking, the spark of mysticism glowed beneath the ashes of the centuries, which were occasionally stirred up by the winds of rebellion.

All essential philosophies of the modern age, insofar as they were not covered up by the religions, have, in Promethean defiance, beaten away the protective or threatening hand of the respective religious god, depending on the assertion!

Defiance increases the longing for indignation. Thus the northern region was primarily the land of the indignant in the truest sense of the word of those men who rose above the dust of humility and the dependence on foreign powers associated with it and ascended into the free realm of ideas.

The word of the Orient no longer applies here:

"Not as I want,
but as you want",

The tough demands of the North apply here:

"What I must do for the sake of duty,
that is also the free will of my heart."

The defiant one mocks those who boast of being God's prisoners and rejoices in his loneliness, which places him beyond all servant-like security.

In world history, there have been plenty of defiant people who set out as conquerors to their mark on the world.

This will alone deserves the attention of the strong, who look around for examples and ideas. The successes of the endeavours once carried out by the defiant and bold are of lesser importance compared to the will. Today, we carry the legacy of the will of our ancestors in our spiritual heritage, without, however, having any historical knowledge of the success of their endeavours. Will proves character and manhood, but never external success, the echoes of which are all too often distorted in history.

In its heroic songs, which were later reflected in sagas and ballads, the North rarely asked about success, but always about the will that rises up against fate.

Successful people can be the greatest violators of the law and enemies of the law. Exemplary strong men, however, will never abuse their power in arbitrariness, they will never want to impose their own law on a foreign humanity.

Where bravery and wisdom are united in the of knowledge of the law, the purest humanity prevails, which uses its power to destroy injustice, that is, to establish the true order of values.

This is where the great rulers separate from the tyrants and the warriors from the conquerors. This is also where Lucifer separates from the prophets!

Through the concentration of his will and the

indignation of his blood, the North has risen in our days. Its lawful development towards perfection and thus also towards power is taking place.

Let the weak tremble and contemplate murder: as long as the North remains strong and knowing in itself, all arrows will bounce off!

But power is the sister of wisdom, and wisdom is nothing other than knowledge of the law. Where the strong man transgresses the law, he stumbles, and the end is the destruction of his work and his blood.

Ancient Rome perished because its citizens used power to secure a carefree retirement, but once the African grain ships failed to arrive, famine, mass revolt and the weakening of internal and external power followed.

Whose will becomes dull, satiated and indifferent after the attainment of external goals of power, dies of thickening and putrefaction of his blood and proves that his will was corruptible.

The secret of the preservation of power lies in the of the will to ever new goals, lies in the incorruptibility of the idea. Healthy nations whose greed had poisoned power once sank with unrestrained emperors and kings.

For centuries, the glory of the great Alexander shone across the globe, and countless peoples saw in Alexander the ultimate expression of human power and splendour. Three hundred years before the turn of time he died, and it turned out that his power was external, for it quickly fell into decay under the Diadochi.

Nevertheless, the example of Alexander is worth analysing.

Just as the birth of all the great and mighty is bathed in mythical splendour – the only difference between the knowing and the foolish is that they know how to appreciate fairy tales as fairy tales – there is also a shimmer of mystery surrounding Alexander's origins. Although we know that his father was called King Philip and his mother Olympias, the legend conjures up a fog around Alexander's birth when it is reported that Olympias was born before her mother.

She dreamt that a thunderbolt came down from the sky, accompanied by a mighty roar, to marry her. A huge jet of fire then shot out of her womb, spreading all directions, before finally dying away in dust!

This is how Alexander stands before us: a ray of lightning that flames and shines, traverses the world, but ultimately enters the dust – not the stars!

Olympias was a strange woman, full of secret desires and demons, a follower of the orgiastic cults of Dionysus. She is worthy of procreation by lightning, worthy also of an Alexander!

Alexander was the son of such a mother, a mother to whom gods and snakes came! A mother that his father looked up to with admiration and horror.

It is no coincidence that in the northern region honourable women are sought out by gods, and that the sons of these gods are proud of their mothers. Glorified was the blood that shared in the perfection of the gods, it was

consecrated with the nobility of special duty, the duty to greatness! – Thus, in the land of the strong, motherly women should again be considered worthy of giving the boldest godlike sons, so that a perfect humanity may grow up!

Bright fire blazed from Alexander's eyes, his skin was pale, and his hair bore the lustre of the pale northern sun.

Viking blood gave his heart the will to achieve great things and not to be satisfied with small ambitions. And the desire to fulfil his own law made him despise riches and all outward appearances.

Longing, as only the north knows it, gave him the almost supernatural vision of the empire. For him, empire was the concept of all power, all glory, all vastness.

He dedicated himself to this vision and this dream. And he remained true to this idea when his father gave him Aristotle as a teacher, who even introduced his pupil to the secret sciences, which were only made accessible to a select few.

With dogged tenacity, Alexander learnt to have a greater knowledge than the men of his time.

He is one of the most shining examples of the fact that in addition to strength and boldness, a hero also needs knowledge, will and perseverance.

It goes without saying that Alexander had a burning desire to prove his heroism – it is nothing other than fulfilled, knowing humanity. The first rehearsals he gave in his capacity as keeper of the seals of Macedonia when his father marched against Byzantium were convincing: he

drove out rebels and renegades, brought in colonists and created the city of Alexandria. In the battle of Thaironeia he fought with outstanding valour.

Finally, after Philip had fallen victim to an assassination in which Olympias was not innocent, Alexander came to power.

In harsh military campaigns, he initially continued his father's work of subjugating Greece. He destroyed Thebes and was lenient towards Athens. He laid the foundations of his future empire with just a few moves: Greece and Macedonia.

From here he reached for the crown of the world empire. He defeated the Persians for the first time at the Granikos. The great king of the Persians, Darius III, had to step by step, and step by step Alexander took over the mighty Persian Empire, the fruit centuries of Persian struggles for world power.

The world lay before Alexander like a rich garden, and the treasures seemed to be waiting for the one who came to lift them!

This is the image that hovers like a mirage before the eyes of most great conquerors, moving ever further away the closer the victorious sword seems to come to its goal.

However, Alexander surpassed most of his successors on the road to world domination in that he never gave in to base despotic instincts, never enriched himself personally or thought primarily of his own salvation.

The dream of being the only and true master of this world was free of all greed in Alexander. Yes, one can give

Alexander the almost Prussian accolade that he served his idea!

So deeply did he feel himself to be the one called to fulfil the idea of the world empire that he regretted to feel any twinges of and sensuality, for these impulses reminded him too much of his mortal carnality.

Alexander knew that the strong man must overcome all temptations of pleasure, as they approach the mighty in an immense variety, in order to remain clear and awake for action.

One of his sayings is that it is kingly to live in toil and labour, but slave-like to indulge in softness and opulence.

These are the spiritual prerequisites with which he created his power!

These are the traits of his soul that him great in the world!

Irresistibly, he went on his way like a god of the north. The nations and kings of the earth bowed before his step, and the treasures of the world lay open before him. In rapid succession, he conquered the lands as far as the Indus. Then came the collapse!

It is important to know the background to this terrifying collapse! How could a god die?

Because the thought of being the son of a god increasingly dominated his thinking, he could seriously rely on Philip as the governor of his divine father. Alexander now eagerly embraced all philosophies and cults that could justify this divine sonship.

In doing so, he transcended the natural limits that thinking sets for man after his perfection. The strong man fulfils the law of his life, perfect, but never "God"! This is where the Orient breaks in, who believes in the possibility of an exaltation of humanity and thus brings with him the secret teachings and magical science with its superstitious ceremonies and a confused prayer life focussed on miracles. When Alexander distanced himself from the lawful thinking of the North and the philosophies of the species, he indulged in the delusion that it was possible to merge souls that were incompatible due to their different bloodlines with the help of a new school of thought. This attempt had to fail because the soul with its attitude is the last, finest chord of all living inner being and cannot be arbitrarily bent, mixed or transplanted. Playful greenhouse experiments in the field of the soul are a crime that is bitterly avenged.

Alexander once made an attempt to analyse the law of the North with the law of the Orient: he failed in this attempt, he perished because of this sacrilege.

His downfall came when he began to introduce the Persian footfall to his Macedonians and to be honoured by them as a god. That's when the Macedonians' loyalty died! Because loyalty is a state of life of mutual devotion. There is no such thing as one-sided loyalty! Alexander was unfaithful, and only a despot could demand "loyalty" and mean obedience, submission.

The more Alexander took on the demeanour and dress of an oriental ruler, the more he lost his spiritual harmony with his loyal followers, which helped

He conquered the world when he betrayed loyalty and the faith in men that arose from it!

The crash is shocking!

It is true that Alexander dressed more splendidly than ever, that his decisions were more abrupt and drastic: but from now on it was no longer the fearless, simple and tough Macedonian who stood before the fighters for world domination, but a man who had become uncertain and therefore ultimately fearful and distrustful stood before his instruments of power, whom he could no longer fully trust because he saw the law he had betrayed shining in their hearts.

The despot is no longer capable of loyalty. He can no longer build a work with living people who stand in duty and honour. The sphere in which he rules is terror and horror.

The strong man is kind, generous and understanding towards the people of his law, just as he is ruthless to the point of destruction towards his enemies. The despot is indiscriminately suspicious and therefore hostile to everyone he meets. The degree of his hostility is determined by any advantage he can derive from his adversary.

He destroys the creatures that the despot creates the moment he no longer needs them, as they become a nuisance, perhaps even dangerous.

The strong man makes the earth blossom under his footsteps. The despot leaves behind blood, horror and devastation.

In Alexander's development, in his activities, it can be

seen very clearly how the light of his character, the constructive, blessing-giving aspect, is gradually replaced by the angry, destructive, cruel aspect.

Alexander had set out to merge the North with the Orient and became an Oriental in the process!

A hero exchanged his fulfilled and perfect humanity for the theatrical tinsel of a crown.

A man emptied himself of his soul and sank down into the sultry sphere of incense of an oriental god!

The few brave Macedonians who stood up, to their scarred chests, cursed the Orient and demanded to return to the north were the faithful, the incorruptible, the brave men who were superior to the gods.

Again and again Alexander was able to arouse the admiration of his now silent companions through his example of bravery, but he was never able to awaken their belief in his superiority over the gods.

People knew that they could expect anything from the man Alexander without being disappointed. But the god Alexander was insidious, vengeful and unreliable like all the gods who have ever offered their help to mankind.

What was the use of Alexander's marvellous words that the brave man would conquer the whole world, while the cowardly man would find even the ground beneath his feet unsafe!

What use was it that a courageous philosopher told him in a parable that a king, in order to preserve his kingdom, must stand in the centre of that kingdom itself and not wander around at its outermost ends if the balance of power

was not to be shifted and lost!

Alexander had become an Oriental, the old Macedonian, the harbinger of battle, advancement, power and fame, had had to cede his place in the king's heart to the young, well-groomed, rested and elegant Persians.

He had long since abandoned the superior and unshakeable to whose righteousness the exhausted and haemorrhaged Macedonian regiments looked up in faith. The perishing Alexander, who had neither remained a true man nor become a true god, died in fear, the peculiar characteristic of all half-men who are of the twilight of uncertainty, of fate, of death. He died of poison.

Old sources proclaim it. Andre disagrees, however: Alexander was certainly poisoned mentally. mental poisoning leads to death faster and more certainly than physical poisoning.

Thus ended a man who had set out to victoriously proclaim his law, the law of spiritual Hellenism, the law of the North to a world!

Thus ended a strong and great man who, blinded by power, did not understand the secret that lies in the limitation of power to the species-appropriate soul, a secret that he had already been revealed to him as a boy by his teacher Aristotle.

Many kings and emperors of Nordic blood later perished from the same poison. That is why Alexander's fate is just as instructive as his longing and the idea for which he fought.

Alexander may not have a world-pleaser in the modern sense, but he was one of those world-improvers who

overlooked that the soul of a race is indivisible and cannot be brought to peoples of other blood, neither as a claim to conquest nor even as a religion of redemption.

It took many centuries of bitter disappointment and rivers of irreplaceable Nordic blood before the once buried realisation was rediscovered: Only there, where a harmonious, knowing humanity arises from pure blood, does the soul find the final chord of the strong intimacy of life, the certainty of the law. But the law is indivisible!

The strong will no longer this knowledge in their homeland! They will experience happiness in their duty to the nation and no longer divert their minds to utopias that hover in foggy spaces beyond the nation's sphere of sole existence. By focussing on the nation, the strong will experience the fullness of the world of becoming, passing away and new creation: in their home lies the world and eternity!

And having a home is more profound happiness than the blessing of the gods of all the religions of the world!

Tantalising images and wild longings rise up before the souls of the young and strong of the north. Blessed is he who has longings! He also has battles that force him to victory or downfall!

Blessed is he who has the strength to set sail on a swaying ship across raging, seething seas into the realm of daring and adventure! It is only in the storms that the seaworthiness of the ship and the bold intrepidity of the helmsman are proven!

But woe to him who sells his longing to greed and with it the compass that leads him from adventure back home! he who loses his compass must die and perish, perish without a trace in the chaos of lawless impulses!

At the end of his torn and aimless life, he will perhaps try to reach a new island – one of the many islands of faith that the religions of salvation praise to their followers as the only salvation from the torrent of life – in order to find a new ground there!

On the rocky shores of these isles lie those who are weary from the shipwreck of life, the disappointed, the beaten! Easy prey for the catchers of souls nets and bait!

The home of the strong is unshakeable dry land, land of sowing and harvesting, of summer and winter. Land of toil and price.

Land of true security, not salvation! Land of fulfilment, never of salvation!

And yet the shawms of the doctrines of salvation sound so sweet and seductive that even many a strong man may be tempted for hours to put his sword and follow the mysterious sweet singing.

Does not seem true that man is only a guest on earth and his fatherland in heaven – does it not sound genuine that all human endeavour is in vain before the judging God, who values the humble soul of a sick man more than the defiant soul of a strong man – hymns of peace easily have a heartfelt sound that can bring tears to the eyes. And images of eternal peace can have an unearthly beauty! And all too soon, the caller with his "me!" appears before the soul of the

one who lowered his sword. The path leads through deserts and swamps to a barren hill of despair, on the tortured, violated and broken man allows himself to be beaten without resistance to the cursed wood.

On the way to the hill, the sense of life gives way to a dull, devoted sadness. The triumphant song of the soul is drowned in sighs and prayers. But on the hill of despair stands a memorial that from here the path leads to paradise.

The pale prophet of salvation has come to the north. Not himself! But his heralds have wanted to carry his soul to the north. It is too late to avoid the redeeming sufferer. He himself demands the battle with his words:

"Whoever is not for me
is against me!"

May it be done to him as he desires!

The strong man hears the pale man's call and listens to his story in order to make up his mind:

If not for him,
then against him!

But make the decision with a firm heart.

For as the decision is found so will home and kingdom be: of this world or of that!

The Lord of this world is the strong one who has found his home. This world can be recognised by all who are strong of heart, but who is the master of that world which no one can outline?

Let's ask the one who challenged us to a duel!

It is curious to note that Christianity, gradually developed according to the principles of Jesus of Nazareth, was recognised and rejected by numerous rulers and wise men as a danger to the kingdom of this world, but was nevertheless only in a few cases systematically attacked out of a strange that was not infrequently coupled with a shy reticence.

Is this reticence due to the perhaps humanly secret fear of the "divine truths" which are basically present after all and which must be dangerous to attack? Does Christianity contain spiritual tonics which are suitable to raise the of this doctrine above their enemies?

Who was Jesus of Nazareth, the Saviour, the Messiah, the King of the Jews, that such power could emanate from him?

Was he a god? A prophet? A superman? A magician?

Many centuries have reflected on this, and many rulers have been able to judge from the bleeding wounds their people received what power, even if not like this revealed in Jesus, but in Christianity. Firstly, it should be noted that it is not so much the historical figure of Jesus with his strange story of suffering that people have and continue to rack their brains over, but rather the mythical Christ and the Christianity that is named after him.

The Christian principle takes centre stage to the detriment of the personality of Jesus. And the Christian principle began the battle for power when the historical Jesus had long since been exaggerated by theology as being

insignificant compared to the principle.

There are many people who for some reason lose the courage to face the truth when they want to or should think about the Christian principle. They to themselves from this question out of supposed reverence.

However, so-called reverence has never been creative. On the contrary, it has always failed completely when a decisive step was to be taken towards the world view!

When Christianity made its revolutionary assault on the old world view, it was anything but reverent! And to this day, continues to shower every spiritual movement that threatens to break out of its claim to totality with very un-reverent suspicions and labelling! Christianity has made it easy for itself because it pretends to act and mock "in the name of God" and on his behalf at all times. Here the threatening finger of God and his angry voice out of love, there the defiant man, the rebel, the indignant, the "blasphemer"!

But whoever now believes to get to the bottom of Christianity by examining the historical Jesus and even his ultimate human inadequacy or even just the historical inaccuracy of his walk on earth will be astonished to find that such discoveries to be absolutely unfruitful.

The person who is to be forced to make a decision very quickly leaves the historical level and thus Jesus as insignificant for the last things, in order to hide himself all the more thoroughly under the cloak of the mythical Christ. But this is where no more rational reasons reach!

Jesus has always found his Peter who betrayed him, but

what may have been the most shameful betrayal of the historical Jesus at the time is called superior tactics in favour of the mythical Christ.

There are Christians – and liberal theology in particular has produced a large number of them – who can make cynical remarks about the historical Jesus and his miracles along with the other "facts of salvation", but who defend the principle of Christ, to which Jesus no longer needs to belong, with the greatest zeal! A peculiar state of affairs that the non-theologian will rarely understand. And the theologian, on the other hand, is usually scrupulously careful not to reveal too much of his Christology, which is as flexible as any syncretistic philosophy!

Jesus the Nazarene and Christ, the Risen and Exalted One, are two principles that need not coincide any more than the theology of Paul with that of Peter, the theories of justification of Anselm of Canterbury with those of Schleiermacher or even the mediations of Francis of Assisi with those of Karl Barth! There are theologians whose interest in the "history of salvation" only begins with the crucifixion of their religious founder, while others are happy to be torn to pieces for the truth of the story that Jesus of Nazareth on water.

The fact that the image of Jesus Christ is anything but uniform has not been able to convince the followers of Christianity to accept it.

The aim was to gradually about a certain distancing from this doctrine. On the contrary, was precisely this lack of unity that gave rise to the countless fanatical, exclusive sects. And whenever the dispute between the churches and

sects was about to lead to weariness or resignation, a new apostle would appear at the right time to bring a new interpretation and thus confusion and fanaticism.

Common sense is no match for the tangible mental and spiritual aberrations, Christianity is simply – "religion"! And in the force field of "Religion" cancels all natural laws. The priest is not wrongly the closest relative of the magician, the sorcerer. Only that the magician is much more endangered, because he is threatened by the persecution of the courts!

Two ideas are united in the image of Jesus Christ that has come down to us today:

Firstly, the idea of the historical Jesus of Nazareth, the Messiah and King of the Jews, who was crucified.

Secondly, the myth of the Son of God, the second Adam, the new creator, the initiator of the new, redeemed humanity.

As these two ideas became more and more closely together, the theologians emerged!

When theologians gained control over souls, the churches came into being!

As the churches countless tendrils and strands of other ideas into their web, sects emerged in the dispute over the "truth".

Anyone who wants to follow the path of Christianity must return to the beginnings and not believe that an

analysis of the existing churches will provide clarity.

The churches are expressions of theologically conditioned world power planners. That is why theology must be analysed in terms of the Christian principle!

The path of the historical Jesus of Nazareth is short and of little significance.

As is well known, Judaism waited a long time for its Messiah, who was to lead it to world domination in the least dangerous way possible. Yahweh had promised that he would feed the nations to his Israel! Before their mostly cruel end, the prophets had implored Jude to remain faithful to Yahweh and not to abandon his plans. The prophecy culminated in the promise that the time near when Yahweh's final reign over the whole earth would begin. The Lord's anointed would lead the victory march. (The story of the collapse of the walls of Jericho is an indication of how easily – only through the fear of Yahweh – the Jews imagined the conquest of the world. The Messiah was not a man of war, he was "Immanuel", the Prince of Peace, whose "Peace", however, was only to begin after the subjugation of all peoples to Sinai. Even today, the beginning of the "kingdom of God" is still synonymous with the "return" of the last "Gentile").

"He shall reign from sea to sea, and from the waters to the ends of the earth. Those who are in the wilderness will bow down before him, and his enemies will lick the dust.

The kings of the sea and the islands will bring gifts. The kings of the land of Arabia and Sheba will bring gifts.

All kings will worship him, all nations will serve him."

The idea of the Messiah is typically Jewish. By appealing to the LORD God, imperialism becomes exclusive, more convincing and – less dangerous! Throughout Israel's history, the idea of the Messiah was accompanied by a sense of elation in anticipation of the final victory. And the historical Jesus felt that he was part of this history!

"Therefore I will him a great multitude for a spoil, and he shall have the strong for a prey, because he laid down his life unto death, and was numbered with the criminals, while bare the sins of many, and made intercession for the criminals."

The historical Jesus is meaningless without the Messiahship, and the Messiah in turn is unthinkable without the reference to Judaism. In theology, "prophecy" means the Old Testament, which receives its meaning as a preparation for the Messiah (without this meaning, theology would have to drop the Old Testament as a purely Jewish issue, but none of the knowledgeable theologians seriously thinks of that), whereas the New Testament is regarded as the "fulfilment". Jesus can never, ever be torn from the Jewish ground of teaching and claim, otherwise his Messiahship would be gone! And what would Jesus, the son of Mary, have to say without this predicate, which alone can dare to demand people's obedience?

The Gospels have only one ultimate purpose, the Proof of Jesus' Messiahship.

"A Saviour will come to those in Zion, to those who turn Jacob from transgression."

This Messiah, no other, was expected by Judah, and the followers of Jesus saw this Messiah in their Lord. This is also the image that runs through the entire Bible as longing and realisation run, who may want to dispute this Messiah with Judah)

"Tell the daughter of Zion, behold, your salvation is coming, behold, your reward is with him, and his vengeance is before him."

"In that day shall Judah be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely. And this will his name, that he will be called the Lord, who is our righteousness."

"At the time of such kingdoms, the Lord of heaven will establish a kingdom that will not be destroyed for ever and whose rule will not pass to any other people. It will all those kingdoms, but will itself endure forever."

"Soon the Lord whom you seek will come to his temple, and the angel of the covenant whom you desire."

"I know that the Messiah is coming, whom they call Christ; when he comes, he will tell us everything." Jesus replied to the woman: "I am the one who is to you."

Judaism's certainty of faith centred on the Messiah, without whom suffering would be meaningless! For the sake of the Messianic foundation of the kingdom, Judah felt from all downfall and deepest despair until the "last day", the day of the dawning of the kingdom of Israel.

Paul says in Romans:

"...they are Israelites, to whom the adoption as the people of God and the glory, the covenants and the

law, the worship and the promises have been granted, to whom the patriarchs belong, and from whose midst the Messiah has come forth in the flesh."

In order to assume his role as Messiah, the historical Jesus must have the credentials of "scripture", of proclamation. He must be the King of the Jews, the Son to be Yahweh. Yes, he must provide proof of magic, as Moses had to use magic to convince his Jewish neighbours that he a confidant of Yahweh! Jesus must the miracle man, otherwise no-one would trust him with the role of Messiah! Jesus disguises his recruitment of followers with miracles. In this, he is initially no different from any of the common Jewish prophets, who always tried to attract the attention of their rapporteurs through miracles or strange messages, through conspicuous clothing (to the point of being offensive) or through emphasised world-weariness. A method that the majority of sects, who proudly consider themselves part of spiritual Israel, still use to this day.

Tradition-bound Judaism attached great importance to a complete family tree, which is why Jesus or those who pursue his messianic justification must point to his descent from Abraham, must present themselves as descendants of King David, who was mythical for Judah. The fact that Joseph, who lived with Mary in a celibate marriage, the "Joseph marriage", and is not involved in the conception of Jesus, is also included the family tree, the proof of pure Jewish blood, betrays the care with which the proof of Jesus' Jewish pure blood should be provided. The point here is to have a back-up "just in case", for example if the argument of the Holy Spirit were to be rejected.

The Messiah of the Jews must be a full Jew! It is therefore natural that he should be circumcised in his childhood as a sign that he belongs to the covenant of Yahweh. The cult of the foreskin of Jesus, as practised by the Church to the present day, is characteristic of the conscious continuation of the covenant of Yahweh in Christianity. And it is just as significant that the Pope and the Grand Rabbi give each other the blessing of Aaron, the blessing that begins with his "The LORD bless you and keep you" is an essential part of the entire Christian cult.

The main task of the first apostles was to relate all the prophets from Samuel onwards to the historical Jesus with their proclamation. Indeed, they even went so far as to prove the entire history of Israel as a field of revelation of Yahweh in Jesus Christ.

It is self-evident that the God of the historical Jesus is the Yahweh of the Old Testament:

"Do not think that I have come to abolish the Law and the Prophets. I have not come to abolish, but to fulfil!"

Just as the church cannot be detached from Christianity, Jesus cannot be torn from the Old Testament. Make the attempt to read the New Testament without the background of the Old Testament or even to try to understand the will of God from the New Testament without the words, miracles and promises of Yahweh!

According to Jesus, the adversary of Yahweh Satan. In order to fight for the kingdom of Yahweh and his final reign, Jesus feels obliged to destroy the opposing kingdom of "Satan":

"But if I cast out evil spirits by the Spirit of God, then the kingdom of God has already come to you. Or how could anyone break into the house of a strong man and rob him of his household goods without first having bound the strong man?"

"For this purpose the Son of God has appeared, that he might destroy the works of the devil."

Mind you, everything that is not of Yahweh is of the devil! That is the original Jewish view.

"Now the judgement is upon the world! Now the prince of this world will be cast out."

In order to redeem Israel, the Messiah must first go forth to defeat Satan, who embodies all the power that opposes Israel's claim to world power.

"Satan stood against Israel!"

The historical Jesus never for a moment withdrew from his homeland, Judaism. He knew he was called to introduce the lost sheep of Israel to the pasture of grace of Yahweh.

The story of Jesus' childhood was therefore treated with particular affection in the Gospels in order to show the Jews that the Messiah came from a genuinely Jewish background. Mary and Joseph bring the infant Jesus to Jerusalem to dedicate him to Yahweh, as prescribed by the Law of Moses for the first-born boys.

Only a young Jew from such a family, who has received his religion from the Old Testament, can stand in the temple later than in his father's house!

A later time will no longer understand why it was possible to argue about such self-evident facts. We will learn to recognise Jesus as the greatest herald of an imperialistic

Judaism, a Judaism that was able to become a world religion because it laid claim to spiritual and mental totality!

Today, however, theologians and pseudo-scientists have thoroughly covered the image of Jesus with a mythical veil that makes every fantasy and every falsification possible.

The Jewish Jesus appears in the synagogue and preaches to Jews! The Jewish Jesus wins Jewish disciples!

Jesus, the Jew, stands in the temple of the Jews and, as a member of a radical Jewish baptismal sect (baptised by a Jew, John), fights for a purified, repentant faith!

Jesus the Jew can say to his Jewish disciples:

"Go not into any street of the Gentiles, nor enter any city of the Samaritans; but go to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, preach in your that the kingdom of heaven is hand!"

But the King of heaven is Yahweh, and none but he! And the messenger of this King Yahweh is Jesus!

The forerunner of the cruel King Yahweh, who wants to bend the nations and make them the footstool of his feet, who wants to make the queens of the nations the wet nurses of the children of the Jews, who wants to give the Jews the flesh of the strong to eat and the blood of the princes to drink, is the historical Jesus!

If only the confusion of concepts would finally cease and a pure separation of spirits would occur! The battle for the freedom of the soul and thus for the home of the strong would be much easier!

Jesus as the miracle man who the wind and the sea, as the prophesying prophet to whom the future is revealed, as

the sorcerer who banishes demons into pigs, is a Jew of the purest Jewish way of thinking, which emerges in the occult Christian writings as well as in the pure Jewish Kabbalah!

An Aryan could never, even with the best will the world, have placed himself in the Jewish tradition, because this Jewish tradition has always been sealed to foreign races.

But now people are rising up who are waging a hopeless battle for a subsequent Aryanisation of Jesus from the tribe of David, saying that Jesus was not a Jew because of his

"Anti-Semitism" has been crucified!

Hardly any Jewish prophet a natural death, so Jesus' death on the cross is nothing out of the ordinary! Rather, Jesus had to die because he did not visibly fulfil the Messiah concepts of law-abiding Judaism! Judah expected the Messiah to subjugate the world. Jesus proclaimed the imminent establishment of that final kingdom, but without being the judge himself. That is why the Messiah's cloak was torn from his shoulder. That is why the crucifixion was shouted where the praise had just been shouted.

The reasons for the crucifixion are of a purely internal Jewish nature. The pagan men who had to mediate the trial of the Jews with Jesus also recognised this.

It was only after the death of Jesus that his teaching was carried out of the walls of Jerusalem to the "Gentiles". In order to enforce the baptism of the Gentiles, it took a miracle at Joppa, which was highly embarrassing for a Jew, where a large sheet with all kinds of "unclean" animals from heaven was handed over and the voice of the Lord called out to Peter that he should eat these animals. For eating the

unclean animals meant nothing other than the acceptance of non-Jews into the covenant of the Jewish Christians! This was a truly unambiguous commentary on Yahweh's word about the meeting of the nations and an interpretation of Jesus' word about the leaven that was to leaven the world. Paul also had to learn this later when he realised before Damascus that Jesus was not the end of Judaism, but the messianic beginning of a new, elevated, spiritually more effective Judaism!

The Messiah Jesus shifted his message from the real sphere of power to the sphere of spiritual power. In doing so, he gave Israel a completely new face. And the Jewish claim became a radical religion with the demand for salvation for all nations to submit in "faith" and thus also in the flesh.

Unfortunately, knowledge of the historical Jesus has been pushed back so far in favour of the mythical Christ that the Jewish root has almost been covered over. And the theologians did everything they could to prevent any clarity from entering the fog of and Jesus teachings.

The confused juxtaposition and confusion was more conducive to "religion", because the mystical fog and the opaque emotional world are particularly suited to giving people that peculiar mood in their hearts that switches off thinking and willpower and feigns a cosy feeling of "being safe".

This is fully achieved by immersing oneself in the mythical Christ, in the mysterious, supernatural Son of God, who is present everywhere and can be active in helping, healing, redeeming and comforting. There can

hardly be a more beautiful consolation for the weak and abandoned on earth than the certainty of being close to the salvation of the Christ, the Divine Father's lock of grace!

If the historical Jesus is the miracle man who is able to lead people into the fears and hopes of occultism, the mythical Christ is almost the messenger of the "other world", the better world, steeped in mystery and interwoven with spirits, to which the mind has no key and which can only be opened by the magic wand of willing, surrendering faith.

If the historical Jesus arose from the Jews' longing for the Messiah, the mythical Christ arises from the need for redemption of all the weak, the desperate, those incapable of living and – from the theologians' emotional deviousness! For one realisation should be made in advance: the mythical Christ is exclusively a construction of theology. This construction goes so far that Christ becomes the principle for the sake of which the historical Jesus would never have needed to have lived if he had not been forced to harden this idea!

Everything that was concealed in the spiritual space of the Middle Ages during that period of Hellenistic decline, which was pregnant with religion and laden with ideas, was channelled into the mythical Christ was available. Here the imagination could roam unbridled, here logic could make grotesque leaps, here even the most infamous charlatanism could if necessary! In the realm of "faith" there is no that can be measured by the spirit, reason and instinct. That is why Christianity as a religion could promise anything to anyone: it had a tremendous potential for spiritual

expansion, which unconcernedly encompassed even the most outrageous contradictions. If the New Testament is already full of riffs and contradictions, if the so-called Pauline letters are the greatest conceivable contradiction to the Gospels, then the original written products of the so-called "Apostolic Fathers", which did not their way into the Bible, stand in an almost comical light. Theology knows very well why, over the centuries, countless "gospels", and letters had to disappear from the scene instead of canonised and included in the Bible! The eradicated Gospels also referred to Jesus Christ in his duplicity, but, like the letters of the Apostolic Fathers, were such a great burden on the understanding that they were as a precaution, just like some later utterances of many an intellectually not very lively, but pious Church Father!

Even today, the Church has a very broad conscience in the spiritual field, which can take up entire "pagan" customs in order to call them purely Christian customs after they have been digested!

In the history of early Christianity and the nascent church, the theory of the mythical Christ was the great sack into which everything that blossomed and grew along the way was collected. Simon the Magician, Paul of Tarsus, rabbis, storytellers found their way there alongside Plato and Philo, just as later, with Louis the Pious, the "He- land" was allowed to don a Germanic garment! truly,

It is easy to say that the Bible has answers to all questions! And it is even easier to say that neither Greek nor Romans applies here!

And since theology has at all times cunningly forbidden

itself to be measured by the philosophical standards of epistemological criticism, it has been able to lead a very demanding and costly special existence, who would seriously want to judge the Bible as a book of the spirit – who would even want to seek in it a confirmation of certain findings of natural science – or would anyone seriously want to claim that the Bible is historically and reliable in the slightest degree?

There is no real truth in the Bible! No truth that you have to fight with tooth and nail!

There are only "parables" that want to be interpreted, and every interpretation creates new fog.

Yes, one cannot wrestle with the "goodness", the kindness of the mythical Christ, it smiles forgivingly and meaningfully, but – remains silent! That is the great weapon of the "believers" to this day, that they know how to conceal their complete spiritual nakedness with the shield of "goodness"!

The more the Jewish messianism of Jesus developed into the religion of Christianity, the more the mythical Christ came to the fore. The Messiah, who was to come to prepare the kingdom of King Yahweh, was gradually exalted by the Christ who wanted to bring redemption from the sins of this world. However, again with the final goal of the kingdom of GOD!

Judeo-Christian theology constructed it as follows: the first creation fell through Adam. The original sin wanting to be like God, i.e. recognising the of life. From this follows the fall of historicity. The woman is the stimulant of sin, she

carries the germ of life, her womb harbours the original sin with which every child subject to the sinful law of procreation afflicted. Every conception is a new fall into sin, every is original sin completed.

If Adam had not sin to enter through Eve, paradise would never have been lost. But then this life on earth, which is toil and labour, would never have begun under the curse of Yahweh. Only a second Adam, the beginner of a second humanity, can bring redemption from the curse of the first humanity! This second Adam must be beyond the curse law, he must not be "original sinful", i.e. he must not have a carnal father!

From this strange train of thought of the Christian original theologians arose the even stranger assertion that Christ came into being through the Holy Spirit in a completely untouched, "immaculate" virgin.

The fact that the thesis of "sinless" procreation unhinges all laws is of no concern to theology, because it represents the interests of a "religion", and reason has to remain silent once and for all. It is amusing to see how theologians raise their fingers when even the most absurd theses are asserted and whisper mysteriously, frowning, that God's ways marvellous and not human ways! But when understanding and knowledge of the law in the name of the truth of this world want to put a stop to the most hair-raising theories, the theologians cry out that God has been blasphemed!

The second Adam is now fundamentally removed from all earthliness and thus also from the possibility of being able to sin after all. This goes so far that he unceremoniously transferred as "Logos" into the creative

will of Yahweh. There he is for sure. And in the system of the Trinity, which theology has conquered as a dogma after very difficult and losing battles, Christ can no longer be separated from the three-centred fruit of God. However, this anchoring of the founder of religion in the concept of God of a world religion is unique and suddenly sheds light on Christianity's claim that its faith is infinitely more than just one of the many religions!

In this way, the Christ could be exalted above the Jewish Messiah Jesus, that he had already been involved in creation as the Logos from the beginning of the world. There was hardly anything of equal value among the existing religions to counter the force of such an assertion. However, only the theologians knew that these theses had nothing to do with the Jewish Messiah and they did not even think about explaining the obvious contradictions. They could shrug their shoulders benignly and out with a grin that this was about religion and that reason had to remain silent! And later, when the age of the total Christian power of the church dawned, the theologians no longer needed to smile either, they just waved their fingers to silence any questions once and for all on the scrapheap!

The second Adam was able to all myths, he was prepared to process star myths or swallow heroic legends, he could act as an avenger and as a comforter: he was simply everything.

Theology can therefore look on calmly as today this myth, tomorrow that myth is proven in the image of Christ. It can watch with a friendly smile as groups form around the interpretation of myths and fight each other to the

death. Theology smiles, it knows that everyone is right and therefore – no one! For the mythical Christ, that is his ultimate secret, is everything that is put into him. He can be Aryan and Semitic, but he is always a Trojan horse that harbours in its body the doom of the nations that accept it into their borders out of "fear of God".

While the miracles of the historical Jesus were proof of the covenant of Yahweh, the miracles of the mythical Christ are proof of the overriding of the laws by the all-conquering, omnipresent "spirit". Depending on the shade of faith, one Christian can, with a clear conscience, hold all the miracles to be true and historical, while the other, with an equally clear conscience, claims that the miracles are only "parables". Certainly, both are right, and if a third should come along tomorrow, he too will be right! The Semite will be proud to recognise the Jewish, good-natured Aryans will be grateful to recognise the Aryan, and if the legendary Atlantis should once again from the waters, its people would be able to recognise the Atlantean! But the one who performed the greatest of miracles, namely the Messiah into the mythical Saviour of the world, is the Jew and rabbi Paul of Tarsus. If he had not made Jesus into the Christ, Jesus and his Messiahship would have sunk back into the Jewish community as a whole, and at best his walk on earth would have been characterised as the last prophecy in the Old Testament.

How little Paul was actually with the historical Jesus can be seen from the fact that he never saw him – he only pursued him as a principle – from the beginning of his "conversion" on, that is, from his rapidly growing awareness

of the immense significance that the mythical Christ could have for the entire non-Jewish world, he is regarded as a new creation. He who becomes a Christian dies as an old man, as the first Adam, in order to rise with Christ as a new man, as the second Adam. That is why Christianity is a new generation, a separate race, for which the baptism of the Jews is not connected to the blood, but to the indwelling Christ, for whom no clan and no homeland, but only the Kingdom of Yahweh! – Thus those who are not Jews by blood can nevertheless become members of spiritual Israel, and men who are not circumcised as Jews by the flesh can be circumcised by baptism in the spirit and thus also be heirs to the promise of Yahweh and his covenant!

Thus from the historical Jesus and the mythical Christ grew the Jesus Christ who can be present in numerous sacraments, who is able to appear before humanity every day as the avenging will of Yahweh, who creates visible churches in order to elevate them through an invisible one, who answers prayers and can be a mediator to his Father – who in turn is his own person – theology has erected an unheard-of building! It places only one condition on the soul of the yearner: submit! This is the demand that makes it so easy and yet so difficult to be a Christian!

Submission is easiest for the weak. They are faithful and grateful that they are to be taken by the hand and led to the "Father". The prerequisite that the Sermon on the Mount makes for obtaining the right of citizenship in the kingdom of Yahweh is again and again: divestment of humanity! No redemption without release from the previous bonds!

The prophets, who awakened the original vengeful

instincts of their revengeful offences, could at best lead their followers into wars. The historical Jesus awakened the ability to suffer in his disciples. The mythical Christ demands complete passivity from his followers, namely to make themselves vessels of the will of Yahweh:

"Not as I want,
but as you want!"

People are either instruments on which the Spirit of the Lord plays, or vessels in which Satan rages!

Those who take their walk seriously Christ! He forgives, shares, prays, does not children, does not draw the sword and waits for the day of the Lord.

The early church leads its life in the desire to change in the light of the mythical Christ.

"Not man, not woman!" This is why people tried to live in communal houses, albeit without success.

"Sell what you have." This is why people freed themselves from mammon and lived in communist forms of society. Violation of the communist ideal was punished by the Holy Spirit with death.

"Faithlessness!" That is why the (anti-Semitic?) Jewish Christians went to the temple every day and fulfilled the ritual regulations of Judaism.

"Put down your sword!" That is why the Christians did not resist anywhere, but demonstrated a unique pacifism!

"All men are equal before God!" That is why the Jewish Christians could confidently break through the principle of rabbis and accept tax collectors and Gentiles into their midst in order to baptise them

and thus make them Jews!

A world power, Christianity, gradually emerged from the early church. For the sake of its religion, this world power took away the homeland of the strong who did not have humility as a for salvation!

After the miserable bankruptcy early Christianity, there is no longer any real Christianity, but there is still a Christian principle, and that is the claim of the weak to rule for the sake of "faith". In the papacy, inherited the Roman Empire, this principle became political power. This principle gave birth to all democracies and sanctioned all slave revolts. It has persecuted the strong and murdered the lonely. It has hollowed out the nations and mixed the races.

"What do you think of Christ?" is the suspicious question of the "other" world.

We have given the answer, my friends.

We had to go through a long, winding path of thought in order to draw the outlines of the two-faced image of Jesus and Christ.

We have often been overcome with anger because of the blood that men of the north had to give for the kingship of Yahweh!

But we have gone all the way to the end to remove the mythical veil and show that no Aryan hero walked across the waters of the Sea of Galilee almost two thousand years ago, but that a whole edifice of thought was over a common Jewish prophet, right up to the highest heaven.

In flight we have followed the building of this Messiah-

Lord of Christ world empire and have come to know through realisation that we will not also go into the net of the fishers of men.

Because we have set out to have a home, we claim to be citizens of the kingdom of Yahweh.

The marvellous defiance tells us to walk with our heads held high past the temples where the masses of those who call themselves sheep are gathered. Yes, we rejoice that we have no reverence for the brain constructs of the pilgrims who want to build bridges from this world of truth to that other world of assertion.

Because we love the nation that is to become our home, we have no reverence for buildings that build our German heaven; we are too devout in our law be "neutral"! Perhaps we don't have a "gripe" for the faith of the other world;

Sure, we don't have it! Because all our thoughts and wishes belong to this world, which is the home of the nation, the mother of all our desires.

No one should take us by the hand to lead us to Yahweh, with whom the arch-fathers of the Jews, the prophets and messiahs sit, we want to stay in Germany!

Our songs of victory are probably wilder and hotter, but also more heartfelt and heartfelt than the monotonous sighs of medieval sourpusses!

Both the historical Jesus and the mythical Christ have challenged us. "Whoever is not for me is against me!" We are against them with hard feelings! We fear no hell!

What is the paradise of Yahweh compared to the heart of man!

Let us find this heart and have a home, while the others think we have gone to hell!

Let's give the Bible of the "pious" back to the Jews, they can't do anything with the heroic songs of the North either!

What are the joys of heaven, what is the peace of the blessed against the struggle of home and the longing of the strong?

Our soul is in danger, say the "others";

Let us tell you that we love danger, risk, commitment, courage and – freedom!



The work of the pale Messiah and the Christ exalted to Yahweh lies beyond the sphere in which the strong breathe and live.

When the hallelujah songs resound from there, the strong do not plug their ears but their songs of victory. They do not divide up their possessions to follow the pale, but gird their swords tighter and press the plough deeper into their native soil.

As their will has awakened, they are wary of it, to be "redeemed". They know that the "other" world must destroy their homeland in order to establish the kingdom of Yahweh, so they do not become lax in their vigilance, but forge the weapons of knowledge.

The son of Yahweh will come again to judge! like the thief in the night he will come!

That's why the carefree may think he died long ago.

The strong man knows that the Christ lives as an idea

and accepts nothing but himself: that is why the strong man will not let the sword out of his hand!

Countless are the voices of the powers and men who court the desires of the young.

The temptations and promises, the entreaties and threats are innumerable, so that the young must make their hearts firm so as not to stray from the path of knowledge of the law.

The most famous men in the world are not always the most heroic examples of a strong and life. That is why those who yearn should in good time that it is not outward success, conquest, that is the proof of a valid life, but that only inner loyalty, duty, is decisive. Duty is with imperialism, which ends in despotism.

The greatness of a role model is measured by the desires it can instil in the hearts of seekers.

And what longings a great man leaves behind is the evidence of his superiority, his uniqueness, not how many happily provided for people weep after him!

That the young wander to the grave of a great man to feel his spirit is his true immortality. Emperors and kings who wanted to provide their subjects with a chicken in a pot become small. The small happiness of well-being is quickly mortal like a whim, immortal only is the great happiness of the example that lives in men and their work.

Imperialism is alien to the North because of its law. A

deeply peasant people, a people conscious of its blood, is aware of the dangers of bastardising in a foreign environment. It avoids these dangers alone, while it regards all other dangers as a test of courage and prowess.

On the other hand, imperialism is innate to the nomads, which is why they have produced the greatest imperialists. Where the nomadic races guarded their blood and were proud of their race, they practised a warlike imperialism that is often admirable in its achievements.

The most blood-pure nomadic races are the east Asians, from where brave warriors came across the world.

The most abominable nomadic races are to be found among the Semitic peoples, the most depraved of which, the Jews, practise the vilest imperialism, the imperialism of the merchant, to which no courage belongs, but only cunning.

The imperialists who rose from Europe were all too often of the nomadic mindset that Napoleon also excelled at.

Almost all of them probably had the greed, but hardly ever the fanatical courage and the blood-conscious confession of their like the great nomadic leaders of east Asia.

We consider Genghis Khan, the Mongol who broke down his leather tents almost eight hundred years ago to become master of the world, to be the greatest nomadic leader of distant Asia.

This Mongol is a memorable example of the monstrosity of a will to power which is capable of completely filling a

man to the extent that body and soul are only instruments of the one will!

Genghis Khan's will was of a ferocity that could lead to indescribable cruelty, but the will never allowed cruelty to become an end, rather it repeatedly tore the soul away from its instincts and led it to the pure height of the idea! Anyone who wants to recognise the imperialist possibilities slumbering in the Mongolian empire must look at and learn to understand Genghis Khan's work. This imperialism stands at the gates of Europe, it dwells in the steppes of Russia as well as in the endless expanses of Mongolia. And wherever a drop of steppe blood has reached, the greed for world power is germinating. The Near East also carries steppe blood!

One might say that Genghis Khan had light-coloured hair and bluish eye, but his mental attitude was Mongolian. His longing was born in the steppe fire, over which an infinitely wide sky arched. for the narrowness and its people was innate in his nomadic soul.

And with the mare's milk he imbibed the desire to roam and storm, so that he also grew inwardly with the horses. His first conscious cry of life was hatred and revenge against the enemies of his clan, against the murderers of his father, against the robbers of his possessions.

Genghis Khan was poor in possessions in his youth, but rich in plans, in intrigues, in desires, in hatred and enmity! With a tenacity almost unique to the Mongol, he steeled his body until it became flexible like a bowstring on which the

will shot the arrow of yearning. But where the arrow fell, Genghis Khan rode and took possession of his inheritance.

He was warrior enough to know that only the few, the perfect, are able to lead the masses in victorious campaigns through the concentration of their will. That is why he won the bravest as friends by proving himself braver than the bravest, by becoming an example to the best. The selection of the perfect shone through their example and persuaded the young to flock to Genghis Khan.

In this way he was able to unite the Mongols, who were scattered across the vast expanses of the country and subject to many tribal princes, into one people. And he knew how to fill this people with the fanaticism of faith in the mission of the races and their rule, so that finally the Mongol people – after the internal adversaries had been killed or scattered – obeyed his will like a body.

Mind you: a man found his law and sought out the best of his blood for the covenant of the perfect! This covenant became the core people, the secret heart that very soon bled through the entire nation.

The core people remained as the bearers of the hardest will to rule even after the Mongols had become a nation, just as the perfect ones remained as the bearers of the power of the rising state the people were not allowed to disappear into the masses.

This united will – the unity of his own knowledge, the knowledge of the perfect, the loyalty of the core people and the obedience of the masses of the Mongols – was able to hurl Genghis Khan like a bolt of lightning into the rotten,

fallen world!

Even when he had come to power, he never forgot that the structure of his empire would have to crumble if he wanted to eliminate the core people or even remove the perfect ones – the pillars of the whole edifice. The secret of Genghis Khan's assertion of power lay in the fact that he pursued a personnel policy that always had the right man in the right place. But he endowed the right man with all the powers necessary for the development of total rulership. Moreover, to be unfaithful to Genghis Khan was a suicidal endeavour. For the Khan's power extended over the whole earth, and the world was too small to contain a traitor, so what could the unfaithful gain by betrayal – the Khan could give them everything, even the head of the enemy who had offered the bribe.

In the knowledge that he had the loyalty of the men he led and who were unreservedly committed to the goal, Genghis Khan could go ahead with the most dangerous ventures without any worries. His men were so imbued with Mongolian law that they took every required deed in the knowledge of the importance of carrying it out without delay.

Above all, however, the Khan knew that individual personality only has meaning in its relationship to the community: he demanded a shining and inspiring example from his perfected ones! The perfected had to lead a much harder and more dangerous life than the mass of the population. So it came about that on the long war in the course of time, an aristocracy emerged that was hard and enough to be loyal and the executor of the will of the

Mongolian monarchs, which had become flesh in Genghis Khan, even in solitary and unobserved positions.

It was precisely this that made the Mongols appear as "demons" in Europe, which had been torn apart mentally and had therefore become so directionless both internally and externally. The Asiatic heightened this image to the devil's grimace. The blood of slain enemies literally dripped from their hands, for the Mongols murdered everything that might have been dangerous to them later. The women of other races, on the other hand, were often spared because it was known that the concentrated Mongol blood could overcome and absorb the already fading blood of the West.

The value of the destroyed cultures, the blood of the fallen, all the atrocities of the murdering and scorching hordes are losses of the Occident magnified to monstrous proportions. And yet there is a greatness in the rise, in the nature and in the work of Genghis Khan and his followers that must arouse the admiration of all those who have an unspoilt sense of warrior greatness and soldierly rule.

Here, for the first time, an attempt was made to unleash the rebellion of warlike barbarism against a cultivated but saturated world that was many times superior in every respect. And the will has triumphed!

Genghis Khan set the example that a fighting people must know no private life: he decreed total mobilisation, which encompassed every Mongol, whether man or woman, from child to old man. Those who did not carry weapons had to in the labour service, in the administration, in the countless posts that existed between home and the front. Work, battle, honour, spoils, victory and downfall were

common to all. Thus – a sad sign for Europe and its sinister rulers – a Genghis Khan will come into the world to teach what mighty deeds a total people is capable of!

But where the blond, unconquerable warriors of the Northland?

The year was twelve hundred years after the birth of Jesus! The "peace of God", i.e. the command of Yahweh, had come upon the world and had taken the sword out of the hands of the warlike North! The necks were bent, the hearts made peaceable, but that means cowardly. The Germanic savagery, the marvellous berserker rage, the divine Nordic demoniac had diluted with baptismal weaponry. The heroic songs had long since fallen silent, and in their place, dull, joyless choruses rose to the heavens, ponderous as clouds of incense. But where a lonely, a heretic, a heathen warrior still his head defiantly, the dark men were already lying in wait to murder him.

The struggle between the emperor and the pope cost streams of the best German blood. And since the eyes of the Germans were primarily focussed on Rome, the source of all Europe's misfortune, the German vision and thus effective politics were largely lost.

Countless thousands of the last longing warriors of the north had joined the crusader armies in order to find at least one last proud exit from a life that had become meaningless. They were proud and defiant for an unworthy goal – for an empty grave that could have no meaning, since the Christian was supposed to have travelled to heaven, not to lie in a venerable tomb, but to sit at the right hand of God, where there was no pilgrimage, no crusade and no war

journey! An Alexander III sat on the supposed chair of Peter in Rome, a hater of the North and of freedom, a fanatical dark man, a regent of the empire of Yahweh and a scheming servant of the pale Christ, – Alexander, under the motto of "dismember and rule" with lust the fratricidal struggle, the fight of all against all!

And Innocent III was a worthy descendant!

Genghis Khan had to prove to the world that whole parts of the earth – once flourishing, strong and brave – must perish when clerics begin to rule in their own way, and that such demoralised parts of the earth become a prey to the brave few.

Historiography cheaply vilifies Genghis Khan for his reign of blood: the Mongol or one of his sons would not have started or even won a single battle on the soil of Eastern Europe if the North had still been awake! But superstitious Christians blathered about a "King David" and believed they had to cheer him, the Mongol who had by no means come to establish the kingdom of Yahweh!

But what shakes all men who strive to fulfil the law of warriorhood is the fact that Genghis Khan had the iron law of the Mongols, the race, written on iron tablets. What was embossed there in iron was nothing other than the inner law of Mongolism, no foreign commandments, no distant rules, no promises, no heaven and no hell.

The wording of the Race is lost, but the fact that murder, theft, lying and adultery disappeared from the lives of the brave, and that loyalty, honour, courage, readiness to die, truthfulness and faith in victory their hearts, proves that

this racial law was good. Better than the gospels, which caused a tired world to crumble! And so powerful was the law, its realisation and its effect, that even after Genghis Khan's death the spirit of his race remained alive and had a preserving effect. The structure of a world empire was held together by the law of Race, which the faithful and the brave were bound to duty and honour, so that their creator and leader remained among them even though he died.

Wherever manliness, honour and truthfulness shine as expressions of lawful conduct, the strong of the North feel reverence and respect. They know that all pure-blooded races can rise to the level of behaviour, so they keep their minds from falling into a race chauvinism. But pride of refinement is inseparable from the knowledge of the great potential of the power rising from the chord of blood and will.

At all times, the earth has been the place where values are put to the test and thus where the strong are called to justice – or else the playground of unbridled greed, i.e. greed that is far removed from duty and oblivious to honour.

The strong of all races face each other as those who know the law. They will never regard mutual extermination as their mission, rather they will that the rights of life, i.e. the order and hierarchy of true and brave nations in accordance with true values, are fairly observed. There are no hereditary enmities among strong nations living in accordance with the law. Here only battles for the development of power can be fought, but – if the right to life stands against the right to life – to extinction! –

Hereditary enmities exist only between the powers of light and those of darkness. Hereditary hatred is harboured by the inferior against the strong.

Each worthy race bears the consciousness of its superiority in the breast, and nothing is more natural, but the true master races push towards the development of their own power like a flower towards the light. It is only natural and therefore justified that in the process of this unfolding inferior things are pushed out of the way.

The guilt lies not in the supposed brutality of the growing, but in the weakness and lack of resistance of the perishing.

The brightest radiance, however, will from the race that crowns the purest blood with the strongest will. This race shall rightly boast of the divinity of her blood.

The North is aware that in mythical times its best were brothers of the Aesir!

The pride of a master race is more powerful than the religious feeling of being a member of an indiscriminately believing community of "redeemers".

Where the natural values of a nation have also asserted themselves in the recognition of the brave, the visible core people, which becomes ever more solid and above all fluctuations, emerges through the planned eradication of everything inferior. The ethical will of a people, which rises above religion, is to keep this core people pure and to pass it on purified, to breed it higher and, if possible, to ennoble it in the process of reproduction.

This ethos, directed towards the eternity of this world,

becomes the expression of the heroic longing of the nation. It demands the highest commitment of the will to live, to grow higher, to overcome. It requires the masculine attitude of the eternal struggle for perfection, and thus wages the eternal war of the righteous, of those who stand in the right order, fills the earth with creative unrest, with bold plans, revolutionary ideas, brave deeds, releases the world from the frenzy around the idol of chance and leads it back into the rhythm of the law.

The secret of dying peoples who have had enough lies in the fact that the peoples who have remained young commit themselves to the ethos of their law-given duty and develop their power in this ethos.

The North has everything it needs to survive the downfall. The danger of its own downfall lies only in its harmlessness, in its friendly tendency towards unwarlike, forgiving kindness.

An essential task of the strong is to keep the north awake through their warriorship, to fuel the fire of passing away and becoming new and to keep the weak in fear, what does the cry of the weak count for? Will a living person lie down to die next to a dying person just so that he is not alone in death?

The strong man does not demand that you show consideration for him! All consideration hinders progress, and it is only for the sake of this progress that life is beautiful and worth living.

Nor will the strong argue with the weak about the meaning of life, for the weak possibly grasp the profound

meaning of the law that is the germ of death for all that is weak. Nor will anyone expect the weak to have the courage to see the unveiled law that harbours the sentence of death.

The North has already wasted too much time talking and negotiating, has missed too many moments through consideration, has left too many deeds undone by supporting the weak. That is why, at the moment of decision, it only looks over the world once more in order to accelerate the decision to act by example.

The examples that a person seeks and finds in history are the yardstick of his own longing. The pious may look to the saints of renunciation and renunciation to himself permission to escape from his duty, while the strong seek and find the examples of a strong life, which also demand commitment, probation and fulfilment from his life. The examples of weakness, on the other hand, are the warning signs for the shoals and reefs where the ship of life is in danger of foundering.

The heroic songs sung by the strong man of vitality are filled with a harsh rhythm. They sound like battle signals. They stir the blood and whip the nerves to take the last, decisive leap into the adventure.

The weak know only dull songs of weary sadness in the sluggish, monotonous and soporific rhythm of the chorales. His laments are filled with the same despondency of the Jewish mourning psalms, whose rhythm is characteristically the limp step. A great bridge leads over the sadness of the weak through all times and unites the miserable into a vast army that pours over the fertile lands of the strong like a swarm of locusts, plaguing, destroying and making desolate.

But the strong the march of the sad, and their songs of victory dispel the paralysing horror that creeps ahead of the sad like a thick fog that covers sun, tree and distance. The veil of fear is torn apart by the strong through their courage, which makes them feel the danger like a hidden treasure. And every strong man hopes to find the company of and heroes at the end of his days, and to be worthy of their kindly acceptance as an equal. That is why he pushes forward through the fog of doom and the veil of fear in the hope of finding the gate of action, beyond which lies the home of the strong. And each of the heroes whose example shines above the darkness of despondency becomes a comrade to the strong.

One of the most glorious heroes, whose work makes the strong reverent and devout, is Theodoric, the great king of the Visigoths, whose deed even fifteen hundred years of a thick Christian veil not conceal.

The fact alone that Theodoric was able to lead his people out of the Hunnic chaos and – saving them from sinking without a trace into a mash of rags – was able to march through the fermenting Balkans to Italy in a tightly knit formation, proves the unheard-of boldness of this man, but also the unique statesmanship of this man, whose word forced an entire nation – and this not only of warriors, but for the most part of women, children and old men, whose ponderous march was also hampered by the fact that they were carrying livestock, supplies and valuables – under a single-minded will.

This Gothic train was more dangerous than a Viking

voyage without a compass on a fragile ship in the middle of stormy seas!

And what superiority of race, what knowledge of the uniqueness of the Germanic blood must have worked in this people, sworn only to future freedom, that it forged its way safely, ruthlessly and, if necessary, destructively, that it resisted the temptations to become prematurely full, rich and – quiet, that above all it did not spoil its blood with foreign women and men!

Leader of the people! – means the word Theodoric.

A cheering proof of the victoriousness of the will anchored in the belief in one's own strength is the happily ending march of the Goths, who, like Aesir of Nordic times, made their way through hostile peoples with the sword in their fist and, in the knowledge of coming glory, endured without grumbling the hardships of a present beset by countless troubles and dangers.

And how shameful is the fact that Christians of German nationality admiringly parrot the Bible stories of the desert migration of the Jews, disguised with lies and boasting, and embellished Bible stories about the desert wandering of the Jews and praising the wisdom of this flock of God, who, in a ridiculously small space, going in circles, had to be comforted, calmed or even fed by his Yahweh in dangerous moments!

It takes all the corruption of medieval belief in miracles to worship such a "God story" as bringing salvation and to forget the heroic story of a strong people who set out to build a kingdom of this world!

If anyone deserves that for all eternity the young men of the nation should flock to his grave to and vow, it is Theodoric, whose dead body was torn from the tomb at Ravenna and desecrated, but whose spirit entered into the eternity of the Germanic nations of this world.

How small are all the legends of mostly morbid, saints next to the life stories of the lonely heroes of German blood! how small, compared to the fantasies of the saints, is the empire of that world when compared to the mighty, bold and defiant deeds that heralded the birth of the empire of this world. how shabby do the haggling arch-fathers and the begging saints seem next to the proud, imperious warriors of the north!

And does not the paradise of the pious, with its harmless fruits that do not awaken knowledge, seem like a hothouse far from life, impregnated with sultry air, next to the blooming, spicy, joyfully coloured rose garden of the North, which loves beauty and thus the struggle?

Can Nordic blood seriously argue about which is more beautiful: desert sand or snow? Humility or indignation? Mercy or action? Prayer or sword?

Theodoric does not vie with saints for the favour of fickle human masses, he calls the strong to bear witness to his true, undisguised kingship.

Talents may be born, geniuses grow, but heroes mature in their decisions, superhumans even arise only in times of great downfall, when they stride over the ruins of rotten times, when they defy the waters of devastation like boulders and dare to leap over the threshold of a new age.

Theodoric overcame the temptations that had taken hold of his heart in his youth, as they did of every maturing man. He overcame dreams and vanity, he overcame the splendour of wealth and above all the poison of lupus, which was to be injected into his blood at the court of Byzantium, which had requested and received him as a hostage. He learnt that the man who prepares himself for action must first become solitary and silent, that he not squander his strength in reckless hours. In this way he was able to find his heart and thus his people.

And when he found his people, the will arose in him to lead them to power, that is, to them an empire.

The battles that Theodoric had to fight were great, bloody and cruel, they led him over mounds of corpses and through seas of tears, but his victories were brilliant and unique. But all the hardships and all the victories were outshone by the shining faith in the German kingdom of this world, which poured an overwhelming into his heart, which filled his soul completely, so that neither God nor the devil, neither heaven nor hell had any more room.

Theodoric made himself entirely the instrument of his yearning, he became a total man of the north.

No sooner had he succeeded, after unimaginable endeavours, in leading his people to Italy and binding them back to the plains after years of wandering than he had lost the Lesser Germanic-minded Odoacer, the former German military commander who had risen to the position of ruler, *patrizius*, of the western part of the Roman Empire alongside the shadow emperor Romulus Augustus and killed and thus practically wiped out the Western Roman

Empire, he already set about purposefully creating space and empire not only for his people, but for the entire Germanic empire. A tremendous plan! warriors were to be out of the service of foreign conquerors, Germanic tribes, scattered and to destruction in the long run, were to be led into a large, solid structure, into an empire, in order to find eternity in the preservation of the race instead of destruction in the mixture of races!

No imperialist from Byzantium, no cold conqueror in Rome has ever been able to think like this for the blood, through the blood! An empire of race, no longer of arbitrariness! An empire of blood, no longer of citizenship!

Theodoric reached for the stars and fulfilled his longing with deeds that men had previously only dared to dream of with difficulty.

Germania, the epitome of Nordic blood, an empire! All Germanic brothers of one idea of this world!

Germanic tribes lived on the North Sea, on the amber coast of the East. On the northern coast of Africa, on the Mediterranean, in Italy, on the Danube, on the Meuse, the Scheide, the Seine, in the Pyrenees, around Lisbon, in the valleys of the Alps, there were united peoples from the master race of the Germanic tribes, and scattered Nordic tribes lived all over the world, wherever the fire of culture and the light of action had brought them.

But the tribes and peoples of Nordic blood perished in the scattering. So it was until now! And so it was that the enemies of the North and its master races had so far remained alive despite all threats from the strong and the

blond. And in order to stay alive, the weak tried to maintain the scattering of the strong through cunning and intrigue, even to promote it to the point of self-destruction.

But now the will to empire arose in Theodoric!

This revolt of the North must have meant a tremendous threat to the old, weary world! And this is how the great Goth's plan was perceived!

Theodoric was careful not to come into too close contact with Rome. He left the Romans in their own nature and did not think of crossing it with Gothic, Germanic or Nordic law. When he took power in Italy, he made Rome the city of administration, he himself made Ravenna and Verona, Bern, his capitals.

What was Rome then? A city of pensioners, nothing more! A city whose citizens waited anxiously for the African grain ships to arrive so that they could receive their share of the tribute and then live carefree and without work, playing games and eating bread for as long as the supply lasted. Rome might choke on its laziness, it might worship its shadow emperor, but Theodoric kept his distance. He used the exemplary administration to prevent the huge country with its tricky tax system from falling decay. He used the fearful and submissive civil servants to spare his state any shocks. But he avoided Rome like the plague. For he was a heretic and wanted nothing to do with the Holy City and its poisonous incense. And Byzantium? Theodoric had got to know it too well in his youth to keep as far away as possible from the certain assassination. And he had had too many sad experiences to believe a word of Byzantium's advice let alone follow any of it. Above all, Theodoric

avoided becoming the object of the politics of foreign powers. He especially avoided putting on the imperial crown, which would have been very easy. If only he had wanted to, Byzantium and Rome would have lain at his feet, for mercy. The whole world would have willingly opened its treasures to the Goth in order to save only his bare life.

Theodoric took nothing of what was offered to him. He thought only of the great Germanic empire!

This is how the Germanic people's leader differs from the un-Nordic imperialist!

The "enlightened", i.e. weak-kneed, soul-poor and fragile world, mockingly and pitifully smiles at men and offenders of the calibre of Theodoric, accusing them of fantasy, of unworldliness, and yet does not know that such an attitude, as Theodoric in his incorruptibility towards external advantages, the highest prudence! The imperialists will sooner or later die either by the sword or of swollen bellies! And the peoples led by them, "led" in the double sense of the word, die the same death.

Only where the day of greedy imperialism is replaced by the nation's idea of empire, orientated towards the eternity of this world, does a vigilant, indeed, dangerous life grow!

Knowing this, Theodoric could laughingly aside all thoughts of the imperial crown, of purple, of Rome and Byzantium. He knew that when the empire became his, eternity must also become his. But in this eternity, he knew, all the external values of this world were also included.

Theodoric not understood by many of his

contemporaries. It was neither the cleverest nor the most honourable nor even the bravest who opposed him inwardly and sometimes outwardly. The majority of them were the envious, the reserved, the unimaginative or even the bribed; they were the spiritual descendants of those wretched half-breeds who four centuries earlier had snatched the weapon of uplift from the hand of Armin, the liberator, and with it the prerequisite for empire.

With his superior will and equally superior tenacity, Theodoric was the man to wait for the death of his opponents or even to promote it if necessary.

The power of his idea of empire was greater than the rage of the envious. At times, his loyal followers found it difficult to accompany him on the spiritual journey because of the spiritual starvation of his opponents. They were far more inclined to strike and create the empire with fire and sword. Theodoric, however, thought of the substance of the nation, of the precious blood of the Race. And for the sake of the future of the Germanic nation, he avoided any unnecessary bloodshed.

Slowly, at times probably too slowly, he approached his goal. But the strength of the people grew, and where grave mounds usually arched over the dead bodies of brave Nordic warriors, the blossoming children of men who had been passed by death played because Theodoric loved life! So it was that towards the end of his life, which was filled with unparalleled fighting, Theodoric had only two serious opponents left: Clovis of Franconia and the Pope of Rome!

These two opponents, however, threw themselves into the breaches with all their might to prevent the empire from

taking shape. The breaches consisted of the particularist idea of the Frankish empire striving for power in Clovis, which thwarted Theodore's will, and the imperialist papacy, which feared the revolt of the north and was wary of Arianism as a Germanic uprising.

Anyone who is even vaguely familiar with the coldly calculating policy of violence of the cross and its governor in Rome, the pope, who did not even shy away from an alliance with the so-called devil, will find it natural that the pope immediately used the dagger in the person of Clovis to eliminate Theodoric before reaching the goal of the empire. Equally natural is the haste of those who felt threatened to cover up all remaining traces of the crime as quickly as possible in a world conflagration. The Pope and the Franks brought turmoil into the world in order to make the birth of the empire at least more difficult, if not more difficult even to strangle the young empire as soon as it was born. In this rage, the Pope and the Franks have always remained the same. Theodoric had to feel this, but Bismarck also experienced it when Rome instigated the culture war in order to destroy the unity of the Second Reich that had just been won!

The Pope hated Theodoric as only a Christian can hate a heretic who does not bow to dogma and thus to the power of the Church.

Nothing is comparable to the destructive hatred of the cross, which gives everything to death that opposes the final reign of Yahweh through its natural will to live. The cross is eager to the preconditions for the Last Day, i.e. the cessation of all life of its own. Every fanatical Christian,

who knows himself to be a conscious member of the "Christian race" carrying out the will of Yahweh, pursues a planned policy of annihilation against every real race. And so the head of the knowing "Christian race", the Pope of Rome, repeatedly leads his legions onto the battlefield of the world in order to secure the kingdom for Yahweh.

In his idea of empire, Theodoric initially unconsciously attacked the highest thing that the cross had to defend, the total kingdom of Yahweh, which encompasses heaven and earth.

It is certain that Theodoric, unconsciously so at first, was a heretic, an Arian. But when he saw that the threads of Christian politics ran to the courts of his adversaries, especially Clovis, he became a conscious mortal enemy of the papacy and thus of Christian imperialism.

Was Theodoric Christian?

Well, he was baptised! But his Christianity was characterised by Arianism. It was not orientated towards the hereafter, it did not care about the one who was to come to judge the living and the dead, to establish the kingdom of Yahweh! Arianism rejected the fairy tale of the God-Christ's sonship and thus the soul of Christianity in general. Arianism thought Germanically, that is, it was ethically orientated. It was national! That is why it the imperialist claim of the cross, that is why it resisted the Pope!

Through whole centuries, from council to council, imperialist Christianity persecuted Arianism in order to eliminate the national idea from the world and with it the last freedom, what wonder that the persecuted freedom

saved itself to the Germanic tribes! what wonder, too, that the cross found one more reason for the extermination of even the last German who still carried the germ of future heresy in his blood!

Theodoric knew that his empire had to be free of Rome, which is why he did not any Catholics into his inner circle, which is why it was impossible for one of Theodoric's Goths to become Catholic. From the North Sea, from the amber coast of the East down to Africa, the Roman and thus cross-free empire of the Germanic race and the Nordic blood was to spread out. An outrageously bold plan, which in consequence meant nothing other than that the cross was to be chased out of Europe and ultimately thrown back to Jerusalem via Byzantium.

Under Theodoric, the north launched its first counterattack against the onslaught of Yahwistic desert thinking!

The kingdom of this world was about to storm the heavens of Sinai. Prometheus and Lucifer, Odin and Baldur against Yahweh, Moses, the prophets and the Messiah and his representatives! A marvellous picture of uprising, a flaming signal of attack, which the north presented in the last hour of the old heathen humanity, which was also the first hour of the first great Germanic empire of this world. The pope turned pale, the cross swayed, and Yahweh covered his head in the clouds of Sinai.

That's when the Pope found the Frank!

Messengers rode from him to the north. Messengers returned to Rome. Clovis became a Catholic! He, a blind

but malicious Hödir, took the killing mistletoe in his right hand and swung it. Theodoric was able to escape the throw, but the Frankish Empire remained a living, poisoning reality, remained a breach and a stake in Theodoric's German empire!

The very fact that Clovis crawled to the cross for "political" reasons sheds light on the circumstances of his baptism in the most peculiar way! He, the deceived deceiver, became the Pope's henchman. His Franconian empire became the poisoned arrow of the total empire against the Germanic empire of this world.

It should be noted that Clovis stepped from paganism to Catholicism! His hatred of the Arian Theodoric and his ideas of empire caused him to see all real political realities distorted! While Theodoric rooted his people on a new earth, while he gave them a turf and a firmly built house, while he endeavoured to give the people eternity through the empire, Clovis undermined the foundations of the future from the soul with his bought followers!

For a short time, Theodoric was able to stop to the advance of Clovis. And it was during this time that he dealt a blow against the pope and his imperialism. Surprisingly, the great king planned to strangle Rome, strip the cross of its power, denigrate the church and eliminate the pope. The citizens of the Germanic Empire were to be allowed to breathe in pure air, no clouds of incense were to cloud the minds of men and obscure their view of the endless expanse of the future.

The Pope had already been thrown into prison, the decrees had already been prepared to close the Catholic

churches and chapels, prayer houses and monasteries. The Pope died, the representatives of Yahweh trembled before the certain end!

The fighters for Theodoric's kingdom, the land of the free, the home of the strong of this world, ducked for the last leap. The sword was already shining in their hands for the first liberating blow: then Theodoric must die!

Must die!

The death was agonising, unprepared. The men who witnessed the agonising death of the great Goth wept without restraint. Everyone knew: Theodoric had to die at the right time!

Poison?!

They said it then and they still know it today!

Theodoric died, the empire of the Germanic tribes did not become a reality. It died, as the cross would have it, in the hour of its birth. The peoples and tribes of the Germanic tribes were for the most part left alone in the quickly restored dispersion at the will of the avenging "god". Pope Gregory, however, whom the Christians call the "Great" as a particularly grey imperialist, tells us a hermit who had fled from the world and its male struggle saw with his own eyes that two angels of Yahweh had dragged the dead body of Theodoric through the air to the highest heights of heaven. From there, however, they threw him down into the deepest depths of hell, into the crater of Stromboli!

Thus Theodoric was punished as the second Lucifer from the cross, thus he was cursed and damned by Yahweh

for all eternity as a rebel of the rebels of the north!

The bells of Rome rang out in triumph, but the heretics died at the stake. And the kingdom of Yahweh seemed insurmountable.

Theodoric the Great, who had once set out to create the homeland of the strong, had neither in this nor in that world found a place. So he had to enter the eternal wanderings of the cloud-like idea and become a myth. As Dietrich von Bern, he became the epitome of all German longing. And it is Dietrich who, as Emperor Barbarossa, is left slumbering in the mountains waiting for the of the empire. All myths, from Wotan, the wild hunter, to Father Christmas, who is only allowed to wander through the invisible Germanic empire of the north on the holiest of holy nights, in the hour of the birth of the light of Nordic hope, to cheer on the strong, reward the good and frighten the bad, are crowned in the myth of Theodoric and his first Germanic empire of this world.

That will come as the home of the strong!

Around three centuries after Clovis's soulless betrayal, the counter-kingdom of the Franks was led to victory over Theodoric's dream that had become an idea: Charles, who was also favoured to be called the Great, rose up and "unified" a part of the northern region in its imperialist way.

In relation to Theodoric, Charlemagne is not great, not to mention the comparisons between the two empires! We should finally stop associating the first Germanic empire with Charlemagne. Theodoric is our ancestor, not

Charlemagne!

And whenever men rose up to fight for the freedom and greatness of the empire, they were descendants of the national spirit of Theodoric. The imperialist spirit of Charles of Franconia was and remained alien and repulsive to them. Not to mention Widukind – but whose descendants are they all, Henry I, Otto I, Conrad II) They dreamed the dream of the northern empire and conspired with the spirit of Dietrich of Bern! They had to atone for the fact that a Clovis had once crawled to his cross. The spiritual successors of the Franks, however, were those miserable cross figures who, under the name of the pious Louis and Otto the Third, no longer knew that men had once yearned for a northern empire free of Rome!

But all the emperors and kings who inherited Theodoric's legacy of longing had to experience what it meant to have behind them not an Arian, not a heretical and therefore reliable people who believed in this world, but a mass of people, the majority of whom were governed by Roman priests.

For the sake of the honour of the great Teuton, it should be once again that Theodoric intended to create a nation based on the values of blood, soul and race. Thus Theodoric thought and acted in a national way. Charles, however, was alien to this way of thinking: he was an imperialist! Theodoric could never become Catholic. Charles, on the other hand, would never have had an organ for ethics, Arianism, heresy! For Theodoric, the soul was a matter for the people; for Charles, religion was a matter for the state!

Opinions are finally divided here.

Later emperors and kings fought desperate battles to wrest their greatly diminished empire from the game of papal imperialism, and as they were not allowed to take their eyes off the dangerous cross for a moment, the imperial structure, which was only held together with difficulty, broke apart more and more. The links in the chain, the tribes and states, no longer had any inner strength, since their peoples had to surrender their souls to Rome. So the links had to tear apart, crumble. The East became a prey of the Slavs, the West a pawn of Rome, became an opponent of the empire, the South collapsed completely.

But the more this world and its structure fell apart, the higher the cross rose up and finally filled the whole world with its shadow, so that the sun lost its light.

But at night time the last of the surviving strong, the longing, the young, climbed the mountains of freedom to light the torches of their faith and send their defiant songs into the night of the lagoon as a confession of strong faith in the coming kingdom of this world.

And when freedom seemed to have disappeared from this world a star shone from the night sky, the seekers the way out of chaos and confusion: Dietrich, the most faithful of all faithful, the true guardian of the potion of memory.

A deed that is done for freedom and the humanity attached to it is in vain. Not even if it is unsuccessful. If only the will is hot, incorruptible and true, the deed lives

forever! That has been the certain hope of all the bishops who took the risk of action without thanks or reward, without the prospect of ultimate victory, only for the sake of honour and duty.

The will to freedom is immortal, when it lies dormant as an almost smouldering spark under the ashes of success. A gust of wind can blow away the ashes and ignite the spark into a bright flame, a flame that is capable of turning mighty buildings into rubble and ruins.

Fire came into the world from the north, and with the fire came the realisation of the eternity of the will that created the fire. The north is also home to the demonic desire to be the bearer of fire.

In a later period, the demonisation of fire-bearing flattened into stupid, chauvinistic schoolmastery. That was when the empire was no longer an idea, but an administrative matter! That was when Theodoric was forgotten and the pale Messiah was placed above Dietrich!

The radiant dignity of a leader of Germanic blood and Nordic soul was the special characteristic of his power. The gentlemanly nature of these royal men was demonstrated their superior bearing, unbending pride, readiness for solitude and disregard for all the externals that characterise the life of an everyday man should make them "valuable".

The unrivalled greatness of the North lies in the fact that it has not only produced individual royal men, but has given birth to an entire race of such royal men.

One tribe of this race would have sufficed to give rulers

to all the states of the earth! And it is more than a myth the white god appears again and again in the legends and stories of distant peoples, who comes from midnight to lead peoples to the splendour of a brave life, a white god for an entire people, mind you! And the fact that the white god is not only the epitome of the highest dignity among primitive Negro tribes, but that even ancient races, such as the Chinese and Incas, reverently placed monuments of expectation before the white god, proves the tremendous superiority of the Nordic soul and the Germanic connection to light.

Wherever in the world the Northman set foot on foreign soil, men bowed before his manhood, before this radiant dignity. Even the Romans had to admit that their humanity failed alongside that of the North.

A race of kings!

However, this also harbours the danger of dispersion. Slavish races can easily be held together by a superior despot and forced into so-called happiness. But it is difficult for a superior one to claim to rule over superior ones. It is therefore anything but a sign of barbarism and lack of culture when the royal monarchs of the North resisted being ruled. It is only understandable from the royalty of this monarchy that it confined itself recognising the bravest of the brave as the champion in times of war and granting him the right to command in battle.

The whole inner tragedy of the northern region lies the fact that only kings were born, not servants, and that they only reckoned with the light, never with the shadow of this world. Among kings, loyalty and faith reign as the only

form of law, but among slaves and merchants, cunning reigns.

Despots of foreign races can give orders to a people who kneel in mute reverence before their thrones in order to fulfil the only will, the will of the despot, in blind obedience, without questioning, without right. Such a people endures everything, even injustice, arbitrariness and cruelty of the despot, and even believes that these are attributes of true power. They fear these attributes without, however, wanting to do without them.

Foreign monarchs had difficulty communicating with their distant gods. The gulfs were so wide and yawning that they needed an intermediary caste, the priests, in order to have the will of the gods revealed to them. In the "people of God" of the Jews, they clothed the highest priest with the insignia of power and to place dominion in his hands. The Jews therefore initially regarded it as an aberration that, over time, a royal regiment developed alongside the priestly caste. However, they had the king anointed by the priest, thereby connecting him directly with the deity. However, the fact that the anointed must necessarily be of lesser power than the one who anointed him, i.e. the priest, was such a self-evident realisation that it did not need to be stated. Without anointing oil there was no crown! This attitude developed into the political thinking of Christianity, which endeavoured to overshadow the world.

The royal race of the north knew no anointing oil. Theodoric is ruler through his superior humanity. Only on the crown of Charlemagne's head is the anointing oil dripped, the anointing oil of Rome, which channels the will

of Yahweh into the world! This is more than an outward sign. In Charlemagne, the despot is over the royal monarch. As a result, the royal people of the north must become rebels, defenders of true kingship against despotism, which no longer demands loyalty but submission to the will of God's anointed.

Is it any wonder that from Charlemagne onwards the rebels very often thought and acted more royally than the anointed kings? True royalty lived in the brave hearts of the strong, against whom the "holy war" was launched. The revolutions of the mob of the so-called democracies raged against the kingship of the heart, which saved men from humiliation, but not from the stake and the guillotine. And the fact that the drivers of the mob revolts were ultimately the guardians of the anointing oil is anything but inexplicable!

In the democracies which the cross brought up in the struggle against the royal race, the Christ-king idea comes more and more clearly the fore as a planned attempt at Asiatic despotism.

"The Lord alone is king,
I am a wilted flower!"

Woe to the royal woman, the future bearer of royal children!

The funeral pyre is close at hand, and a reason to give her a flaming death is quickly found.

Woe to the royal woman, the sorceress!

Woe to the warrior, the uncrowned king, who marches

across the world from the north!

Woe to the warrior, he becomes prey to the Christ King,
who wrings the sword from his weary hand to break it.

Woe to the warrior who accepts the foreign king's
welcome drink. The drink is poisoned!

"The Lord will be King
forever and ever!"

Woe to the royal race, it must die for the sake of the
kingdom of the One, Yahweh!

"Yahweh is king over all the earth."

"HE destroys the counsel of the Gentiles
and turns the thoughts of the nations."

"Come and see the works of Yahweh,
who is so marvellous in his doings
among the children of men."

"Altogether they shall have one king."

Thus began the hunt against the royal race, against the
proud humanity of the northern region.

Thousands and thousands fell, hit by poisoned arrows.

The blood of whole proud, unbowed generations flowed
into the sand before it could have produced heirs and
avengers in the children. The race of the north became
homeless!

But today, as the strong rise up to create a home for their
race for eternity from this world, the awakening recognition
of race makes the despots of the cross tremble.

The racial doctrine finds the law and its certainty again.
But there, where the law, like the victorious sun, penetrates

through clouds and twilight, the last wafts of mist flutter away.

Day breaks!

And this day is the dawn of a new reign and for the royal race, the strongest of whom have saved the cup of life from being spilled.

Now you tremble, Yahweh, for your kingdom!

The boldest fighters of the north, the true guardians of the Grail of the Germanic Empire, were also the most bitter enemies of Yahweh and his kingdom.

Freedom of the soul for the last bond to the realm of this world! That was the secret pole of her longing!

Many of the indignants and rebels were not to formulate this idea of freedom into clear words; for many, the longing could only express itself in the confused stammering of an oppressed heart.

But all felt drawn in their instinct to the act that would bring separation from the kingdom of Yahweh.

What is tragic is the misjudgement of the causes of the servitude, a misjudgement that manifested itself in the fact that some of the rebels cried out for a new God and concealed his existence in one of the dodgy chapters of the Bible. King Yahweh was then very quickly ready to show himself in a new, more modern guise.

But the clearer the realisation of the strong became, the more the longing of the lonely rose into the realm of the idea, from which secret connections are revealed, the greater

and more ruthless became the seriousness to create a home.

This thought of home was less about the present than the future. The present proved to be rotten, cowardly, malignant. The fact that the Lonely Ones were nevertheless able to believe in the life-germ of eternity even in a sick present proves the unselfishness of their actions and the true demonisation of their perseverance, which was beyond all self-thinking.

Every believer in the future who stood up for the coming kingdom of this world with honour and life must inevitably a rebel against the kingdom of that world. In the sense of Yahweh, the great heroes of this world were all "blasphemers". The more they loved their nation, the more dangerous they became to "heaven", the more superior their attitude towards its messengers.

The rebels of the North, looking down from the heights of their ideas into the lowlands of superstitious everyday life, sang their song of victory. Their superior knowledge turned them into mockers, despisers, even "blasphemers" of everything that the fools considered sacred.

Those who gained insight from the great of this world into the hardships of the everyday and the intrigues of those beyond felt defiantly superior and could still smile knowingly at the stake, what did the threat of madmen mean to a free man's soul! The much-famed pagan laughter is nothing other than the superior smile of the knowing, whose springs from the security of a strong heart.

The toughest revolutionaries and the most subversive

thinkers are often the happiest and most open-minded people when they open their hearts in a circle of like-minded people.

One of the most cheerful and at the same time most dangerous among the rebels of the spirit, among the Vikings of the soul, who the journey home to the land of the strong, was Ulrich von Hütten, whose humanity has an all the more captivating, all the binding effect on the blood-conscious who enter the realm of his ideas and the district of his plans.

And from Nietzsche, the dynamite of the North, comes the word "happy science".

The colder the air, the brighter the glaciers can shine! Men of the seas can peer more keenly than those who live in the narrowness of dull valleys.

A cheeky, cheerful, pagan laugh rings out from the Dark Men's letters that Hütten wrote together with his crony Rubianus. You can still feel today how the two young lads held their sides with laughter as they let their quills dance across their bows, how they mimicked the darkies, caricatured their pompous strut, how they infected the whole world with their laughter! All the power of the young, the unspent, the believers in life is in this killing laughter, in this acid-sharp mockery, in this teasing that only the sick, the accuse of being "heartless"! Those who were offended immediately pleaded with a sweet and sour expression that the fight should be conducted "objectively"! Nothing is as deadly as the mockery of the superior, which is why the weak have always claimed that mockery is "nihilistic" and instead demand a discussion! As if a straight

man could enter into a discussion with a hunchback about the possible advantages of a hump! And does the hunchback think he can talk the healthy person out of a hunchback; the mentally hunchback will always try to present his suffering as a mercy and glitter with the well-known vanity of the sick. Hütten laughed at them. And the more the sufferers got angry, the more his laughter became!

He knew that only heroes should be given the honour of a duel, but that for cowards, whose poisoned weapon is the tongue, the flat side of the sword is sufficient for chastisement!

Hütten is a particularly instructive example of the lawfulness of the inner development of a revolutionary, whose uprising initially arises from blood and instinct, in order to rise gradually and inexorably into the clear and cold zone of conscious and total overthrow thinking with the goal of freedom and the glory of the nation as a whole of the will, as the home of the strong.

Growth is the vital expression of law pushing towards fulfilment. Revolution is the violent elimination of the powers that are hostile to growth, is the bursting of the life-killing incrustations by the germ of life, is the emergence of the unformed primordial layer that is waiting for the new germ, for and fruit.

The revolutions of the spirit are revelations of the law that burst the crusts of cowardice, lies and arbitrariness. The bearers of these revolutions are men who make themselves organs of the law, executors of the will to live. The law often takes such exclusive possession of the vascular men that these vessels of the law must appear like demons to those

around them. The world trembles when the revolutionaries of the law, bearing in their souls the explosive of truth, take to the storm to break down the gates that want to bar the entrance to a new millennium.

As with every true revolutionary, it is not possible to determine historically when Hütten "became" rebel. Rather, rebelliousness ferments beneath the until a strong impulse brings about a breakthrough. The revolutionary development is determined by law. After an initial chaotic, violent, fiery uproar, it becomes clearer, icier, more conscious and more effective in the course of time. Revolutionary sentiment cannot be taught, but it can awakened. Awakening takes place through experience, example or realisation. Experience and realisation were equally involved in Hütten's revolutionary awakening.

Hütten was innately gifted with stormy blood and a chivalrous disposition. Added to this was the demonisation of a free will and a fanatical love of truth.

The experience of lack of freedom gave rise to a longing for freedom in Hütten, and this longing in turn struggled for the realisation of the goal, the answer to the question of the why of life.

Like many thoughtless, "gullible" parents, Hütten's parents had also bequeathed their firstborn to the church. This superstitious custom has its roots in ancient Judaism, which wanted to "propitiate" Yahweh, i.e. make him merciful and giving, with the firstborn gift of the human fruit. No consideration is to the child as a sacrifice, it is eliminated as an object altogether, and as it is "in good hands" with Yahweh according to faith, the parents not only

do not need worry about the sacrifice of the firstborn, but can rather boast that they have done a good deed for the spiritual benefit of the sacrificed child.

In the monastery school in Fulda, where the victim was taken, the young Hütten experienced the cruel compulsion of mental and spiritual drill. Thousands and thousands of young people had previously gone through the same mental terror without rebelling, without becoming rebels, perhaps without even realising the coercion. In Hütten's case, the coercion caused a hardening of resistance, his own thinking and thus counter-pressure. Fortunately for the young rebel, the freedom-loving, unattached Crotus Rubianus was often in Fulda. Being together with this unbelieving mocker repeatedly ignited the spark of longing in Hütten's soul into a bright flame, until one day the time for escape was fulfilled.

As is almost always the case, this escape was intended as an excursion into the open "world". The rapturous ecstasy that usually accompanies the first few miles of this excursion quickly evaporates to give way to boundless disillusionment. Each of the refugees must first experience that the "world" is not at all hospitable, but rather very unruly, that it is waiting to be won and shaped! The romantic refugee fails because of this experience, he sinks in bitterness and disgust – or grows stronger and stronger in rebellion until he grows up into the realm of the idea, which – as the mainland of the soul – can no longer be shaken.

Schiller's fate was no different to that of Frederick the Great, and Heinrich von Kleist's fate becomes a myth that is reflected in Nietzsche's Zarathustra.

The same disillusionment is experienced by all refugees who rush to the land of their expectation in order to find freedom there: whether this land the America of unlimited possibilities or the Prussia of the honour of a Freiherr vom Stein! There is no land of milk and honey of freedom, there are only countries in which the conditions for freedom have been created. But freedom itself has to be won and lived, it cannot be given away, still less can it be bought.

The young Hütten first sought the promised land of freedom in the sphere of knowledge, of education. It almost goes without that he discovered this land neither as an island nor as a solid mainland. The universities were strongholds of intellectual obscurity, and the cities were filled with a rich arrogance or an anti-intellectual lust. The courts were filled almost as much as the knights' castles with worries and struggles for their own power and the associated consideration for the politics of the day and its limited possibilities.

Hütten withstood the endurance test of this observation, indeed, he grew in the realisation that unfreedom always spreads the same air, whether it settles in monasteries, universities or courts! The fact that this realisation was not paid for with death – the suicide or downfall of a disappointed man – is the first proof that Hütten entitled to be considered a revolutionary. In the language of literature, this means that Hütten's life did not end tragically with the chapter of suffering, but that it was rather with the first chapter, Overcoming, in order to write about the third chapter, Probation.

Since Hütten did not find freedom as a fixed land or a

form that had already been won, he did the only possible thing that a believer in life can do: he went out in search of people who were of his spirit, in order to have fellowship with these people. In the hope that this of spirit and soul would become a fellowship of the whole of life.

Through his search, his overcoming and his struggle, Hütten teaches that the revolutionary passes through three realms, so to speak. The first realm is the realm of his dream, for the sake of which he sets out. The second realm is the attempt to new roots after the departure. The third realm, however, arises from the realisation that only the creation of a new humanity can create a true home, while the second realm the attempt to live in disillusionment under compromise, only the third realm is the fulfilment!

Hütten tore up the citizen's letter of the second empire on the road between Gotha and Erfurt. Here he realised that it both impossible and unworthy to live in a self-chosen circle of like-minded people rather than in a new homeland. The few free-minded people who, like him, had gathered around the venerable Mutian to live out their days in a rapture for beauty and truth, without duty and commitment to the community of the nation determining the direction of their lives, suddenly seemed to him like cowardly dice playing for the highest stakes, the fulfilment of life, with the cheap stakes of their existence.

From this experience, Hütten came to realise that true life demands probation, i.e. the creation of a nation that grows from the hearts of the strong.

He realised that a league of enthusiasts is nothing but a caricature of the true, the Third Reich. Through this

realisation he became a politician who went into battle to reshape the unworthy present in such a way that it would create the conditions for a future of the true Reich.

The pamphlets against obscurantism and for the freedom of science increasingly took a back seat in favour of writings to the nation.

Hütten recognised that a new, liberated nation would also bring about a new, free science, and that the liberation of science could not herald a new era for the nation.

Hütten is the first proclaimer of the revolutionary knowledge of our time that all great historical deeds are always directed towards the freedom and honour of a community, a people, a nation as the ultimate goal.

That which the non-revolutionary, persistent, time-satisfied, state- recognising, "bourgeois" man wants to condemn as inconstancy, precisely the ever-advancing, the storming forward that overcomes yesterday and today, the unconditional change of location, is one of the proofs of the authenticity of Hütten's creative idea of freedom, who willingly accepted the accumulation of suffering and disappointment associated with the frequent change of location for the sake of the idea and happily exchanged the certain hardship of an uncertain future for any unworthy security of familiarity.

The growth of resistance is the first proof of the dangerousness of a determined innovator. However, the more surreptitious paths the innovator endeavours to take in order to avoid resistance and setbacks, the more energy he must waste on secondary matters that only lead to the

fragmentation of the force and power of the attack. In the long run, compromises can also lead to a dangerous weakening of character. Bismarck's words that politics spoils the character, is the outcry of a straight man who despairs of the wickedness of the state and has a conscious fear of the ultimate cruelty of his will.

It may be that the compromiser achieves greater daily successes, indeed, it seems as if sometimes only through compromise can ideas be transformed into deeds, but nevertheless, deeds that move and overthrow an entire age are only carried out by relentless, uncompromising leaders. It is irrelevant whether the revolutionary reaps the fruits of his deeds or whether he has to hand over the sword of his spirit to his comrades before the decisive blow is struck. Hütten had fewer and fewer friends the clearer his realisation and the harder his will for fulfilment became. At first, the comrades of the second Reich were horrified and distanced themselves from him: the transition from the basically harmless idea to the dangerous reality seemed to them not only questionable but also highly undesirable. Men like Erasmus, who was highly erudite and yearned for intellectual freedom, and Reuchlin, who was highly educated but in thrall to dark spiritual forces, had temples of knowledge and castles of thought for themselves, but the land that was their home could only be reached via hidden doors to which only initiates possessed the key of education.

Hütten was from the purely spiritual realm of the educated of his day, he was pitied uncomprehendingly as a "barbarian". However, the pity was soon followed by dismay and horror at the demons of the onslaught.

To the end of his days, however, Hütten was grateful for the of humanism, to whose German face he contributed significant traits. But education was not an end in itself for him, it served him as a weapon against the evil spirit. Ultimately, it was thanks to Hütten's humanistic education that he was able to grasp the whole subversive extent of the writing of the free researcher Laurentius Valla on the papal deception and the Christian forgery of the so-called "Donation of Constantine". The realisation of the unscrupulous forgeries and of the Christian tactics using all means of spiritual gagging and the destruction of the free faith of the soul made it clear to Hütten that the Christian world view anchored in the Church manifests itself in a merciless power politics.

It was precisely in the political struggle that now replaced it that Hütten had to and could prove that his empire meant consciously outgrowing the empire of the humanists, which was content with half measures. The papacy, which crowned political Christianity, resented this empire and tried to hold its citizens by the puppet strings. Hütten's empire, however, with its nativist thinking, met with the bitter enmity of the Pope.

When Hütten looked around for allies, he realised that he alone on the apron. Erasmus bowed to Rome and affirmed the loyalty of his purely intellectual intentions. Reuchlin buried himself in his Kabbalistic studies and was happy and grateful when he had the peace and quiet he needed; Rubianus was satisfied that he had good career prospects. None of the citizens of humanism dared to take the plunge into the last great adventure, none wanted to

steer their ship of life across the eerily dark and agitated sea of adventure into the new homeland.

And the Emperor?

Maximilian had probably crowned the young poet Hütten in Augsburg, but he viewed the radical politician Hütten with scepticism, if not trepidation. Like most princes of his time, Maximilian was a friend of conciliation and, if at all possible, a supporter of the peaceful conquest of the world through marriages and inheritances: he must have considered Hütten's call to war disturbing! Hütten's call to war is to be understood quite literally! His was to put Germany under arms in order to pre-empt the imminent Turkish threat. In fact, Hütten did not consider the Turks to be particularly dangerous, only the fundamental German lack of arms and the indecisiveness, jealousy and lack of emotional stability of the ruling princes and their houses seemed dangerous to him.

On the other hand, only the awakening of the warlike instinct and the revitalisation of military virtues could be thrown into the balance. Note: Hütten was the first to see the mobilisation of the nation as the prerequisite for the spiritual revolution emanating from the warriors and the associated total imperialisation of the Germans!

An incredibly bold and unique idea, which even such a brave knight and royal soldier as Sickingen could not comprehend. Sickingen was an insurrectionist by virtue of his rank, an insurgent against the princely, clerical and bourgeois classes who oppressed free and chivalry, but essentially a man who fought for a reserve. Sickingen had no qualms about negotiations with Francis of France

for this reserve. It was only good for the lonely Hütten that Sickingen at most instinctively sensed in him the despiser of the knightly reserve, otherwise Hütten's end would have been even more desolate, even more ignominious!

Sickingen would never have realised the profound necessity of the peasants' uprising, much less their inclusion in the future German nation. Hütten had to realise this with a sigh when, out of loyalty to his friends, he supported the hopeless knight's putsch in Trier, which Sickingen undertook at the most unfavourable time conceivable, and thus knowingly committed himself to ruin!

Where even a Sickingen shudderingly closed his eyes to an abyss that seemed unbearable to him, a citizen of the second realm of the soul, Luther, had to completely give up hope. Luther was a peasant rebel with all the good, but also all the foolish sides. A Michael-Kohlhaas-nature in the realm of conscience and soul. He tried to catch the hand of God in order to save himself on the mainland of the certainty of faith and peace in the security of God, when Hütten had long since rejected this supposed hand of salvation in order to seek the kingdom of this world, the German nation of the strong.

After numerous forays, which often took him to the gates of the kingdom of this world, Luther always returned to theocentric thinking, to the pole of salvation by grace. Initially, he believed just as much in the possibility of a reform of the Christian Catholic Church as – in his second, far more valuable stage of development – in the possibility of being able to manage without a visible church, without a priesthood, and finally in the possibility of a Protestant sub-

church leaning on the God-given authorities and overshadowed by the sovereign regiment. Hütten with his natiocentric, church-weary and Messiah-hostile fulfilment thinking seemed to him, while Hütten in turn recognised and respected Luther as a transition from the theocentric to the natiocentric view of life. He felt with Luther above all in one thing: his hatred of Rome, the source of all poison. Hütten repeatedly sought common ground and alliance with the second Luther. The third Luther, however, an insurmountable rift between himself and Hütten. The grave, however, was Melanchthon.

Melanchthon, already outwardly a misguided man, has the development of the second Luther into the third Luther and thus had the effect that Luther's spiritual life arc, after a brief approach to the Germanic Empire of this world soared steeply upwards in order to the realm of that world. Melanchthon is the father of the Augsburg Confession, that deceptive bridge that leads trusting people over the realm of this world into the cloudy land of a new world, which is only a reflection of the old, vanquished Yahwistic hereafter!

The peasant indignant Luther, who in honest anger posted the theses against the spiritual horse-trading of indulgences, which was a business matter between the pope, the emperor, the princes and the Fugger banking group, on the castle church of Wittenberg and thus unconsciously and unintentionally put his fist on the most sensitive ulcer of power politics, became more and more theologically overgrown, until he, who at the beginning only wanted to serve his Germans and honestly endeavoured to bring justice and order into the state of the German nation for the

sake of heaven, after all, by giving up his free will, once again completely submitted to the arbitrary, predetermining order of grace of the Lord Zebaoth, the King Yahweh, which left only humble submission to man.

The great influence once exerted by the mystical writing of the "Theologia Germanica" had exerted on him, so that he already come to the point of breaking with church-bound Christianity, the more he wanted to recognise again through theological thinking far removed from life that man, his peoples and nations were ultimately nothing more than objects of grace or curse in God's plan of salvation, where could the points of contact between the third Hütten and the third Luther have been?

In order to at the level of a rapprochement, Hütten would have had to use the ladder to heaven of the believers in the hereafter, which was so ridiculous to him, or Luther would have had to let go of God's hand of grace, which was so important to him! Since Luther also believed that the evil state and the unhappy present were decided in God's plan of salvation, he lacked the mental foresight to realise that God's plan of salvation was not a plan to become a revolutionary. The means of rebellion was condemnable in view of the life of prayer he demanded and practised. The secret of success in this world seemed to him to rest exclusively in the "merciful God". Therefore, it was of no value to him and had to be an offence to glorify the deed beyond prayer.

"Nothing is done with our power,
we will soon be lost!"

For Luther, this is a clear commitment to the

unchangeable counsel of the heavenly King from eternity.

"My good works, they did not count,
It was spoilt with him.
He who wants to be free hates God's judgement,
He had died for good."

This is the renunciation of the basic attitude of Germanic morality, of defiant rebellion, in favour of a discouraging submission.

It is an unparalleled tragedy, one of the greatest tragedies of the North ever, that a man like Luther, honestly determined to follow the path of his heart fearlessly to the bitter end, did not find his way into the heart of the people ready for fulfilment, but turned off at almost a right angle shortly before the goal in order to heaven. Theocentric thinking repeatedly drew him back from the final consequence: Luther saw the pernicious behaviour of interest usury, which the Jews regarded as their trade, like hardly any other man of his time; he the Jews in harsh terms as spirits of lies and betrayal! And yet his anti-Semitism is very superficial, for through baptism as true repentance the Jew can be excluded from the community of the saints! And the Old Testament with Moses, the arch-fathers and the prophets is for him a fountain of pure closeness to God. For him, the voice of Yahweh, which drools from the wilderness into the world, is the only valid law against which the "laws of man" are the devil's yarn.

The crude but German word comes from Luther:

"Trust no fox on green pasture,
Trust no Jew on his oath,

Trust no pope with his conscience,
you'll get screwed over by all three!"

The man's lush, clear realisation of life was diverted to heaven! A terrible picture of German self-destruction to see Luther, the man of the German word, holding the lute in rough peasant hands and singing chorales in honour of Yahweh!

"Holy is God, the LORD Zebaoth,
whose honour has filled the whole earth!"

But let's keep Hütten's word:

"If you want to know it:
For the good of the country,
As well as one does
Call me an enemy of the clergy!"

This is where Hütten calls the nation:

"Latin I once wrote,
That was unknown to everyone,
Now I cry out to the fatherland!"

There is no more consideration for the plan of grace of Yahweh's predestination, there is no praise of his power, there is defiance shouting its rebellious confession into the night!

"The truth must come forth. For the good of the fatherland. That is what my courage wants. There is no other cause, nor reason, therefore I have opened my mouth!"

Law and justice are proclaimed here in the name of the nation!

"I have done everything for the benefit and good of

the fatherland alone. The truth moves me. I can never let go of it and have never received the reward, yes, I am more to harm. Danger and hardship are my gain!"

The imperialist of the cross, the Pope of Rome, certainly hates the apostate monk Luther, but also hates and despises the Wittenbergers, who were filled with an early nationalism, with a first blood instinct. But with them he can hope that time will once again work for Yahweh under the leadership of his strategists. But the Pope must destroy one Hütten for the sake of the dangerous example of liberal independence, of crutchlessness! The demons of the North must not be allowed to put Lucifer, the bringer of light, back on the throne and interfere with Yahweh's world plan. A Luther can be slaughtered or scorched in a great show trial for the honour of God and to scare off the fearful. But Hütten must be to disappear inconspicuously! Hütten soon complained about secret assassination attempts against him by the clergy.

Luther became popular because he was able to give his successors and followers a final reassurance of the Messiah and heaven. Hütten remained alone because he demanded the final sacrifice from his followers, for the sake of freedom.

"Because so far the Germans have been blind.
They open their eyes,
That the whole heap may see
The Romans' deceit and cunning
And how the shepherd feeds his sheep
And provide for the salvation of souls,

How heaven is offered for sale,
And God himself is sold,
As many a fool runs to Rome
For indulgences and grace.
How the people were cajoled..."

The imperialist in Rome could tolerate this language far less than the theological attacks of the Wittenbergers. The dialectician Eck was easily able to the bourgeois Augustinian Luther with his dazzling theology. But the poisonous angelic tongues of the theologians were powerless against the German sword as wielded by a Hütten.

Luther believed in the resurrection of the flesh; it was a certain comfort to him to realise that the finger on his hand would have to grow again in the same, but purified form after decay and resurrection. In this he saw a very special grace in the divine plan of salvation, which it was the content of his spiritual life to explore.

Hütten was completely indifferent to the resurrection, he was not interested in "one day" in a better afterlife, he was only interested in using his strength to free Germany from the web of the spider of the cross in Rome. when he speaks of "coming back", he means it in a very "earthly" way, namely coming back in armour and weapons at the head of an army of freedom. It is understandable that the third Luther departed as if in a cloud! When Hütten even offered to gather an army to drive out all the clergymen of the world, Luther had to cover his head!

Hütten became homeless in his presence, while Luther was celebrated as a liberator during his lifetime and held in high honour even by many princes. Luther dined with rich

people, while Hütten staggered past peasants' huts begging, sick and freezing.

Melanchthon allowed himself to be celebrated as the first head of the Reformation, gave lectures, travelled to important cities and scholars, got involved in high and top politics, while the terminally ill Hütten could barely find a scrap of paper write a greeting to the coming Germany of his spirit in his last hour.

And yet Hütten is the only survivor of his time!

After Luther's sudden death, the Wittenberg theologians had good time under their teacher Melanchthon. The clerical bickering, the petty jealousies of narrow-minded clerics, the omniscient presumption celebrated triumphs. Lutheran orthodoxy completely buried the national heritage that had broken out in Luther's initial rebelliousness.

Melanchthon saw to it that the Schmalkaldic League became the exclusive interest group of certain particularist princes. Wherever liberal ideas broke out, Melanchthon was directly or indirectly on the side of the gravediggers. The bold rebel Wullenwever, who power in Lübeck in order to once again renew the power of the Hanseatic League and establish a northern empire, did not fall victim to the intrigues of Melanchthon, who it upon himself to personally intervene in Lübeck's uprising. Wullenwever was over to the Duke of Brunswick, the fanatical Catholic who already tortured Thomas Münzer himself, via the Archbishop of Bremen as a result of treachery by the "Protestants" and was executed at Wolfenbüttel against all rights.

The people of Wittenberg didn't lift a finger, not even Luther was silent when Wullenwever's head rolled into the sand in front of Wolfenbüttel and when the tortured body was woven onto the wheel.

Not a finger was lifted when the rebellious peasants, desperately looking towards Wittenberg and awaiting Luther's word, were massacred by the thousands. Luther's only word to the peasants was that they should be put to death like mad dogs, this evil word, pressed the cry of hatred across the lips of the desperate.

Because Luther missed his great national moment, because he believed Melanchthon more than Hütten and even the much less important Sickingen, the German outrage fizzled out. Precious blood was spilt in vain. The German campaign fizzled out in individual endeavours. The devastating enthusiasm of the Anabaptists was just as much a reaction to Wittenberg's failure as the peasants' revolt. Luther had already become so mentally unstable that he retreated to the shaky ground of the Bible when one of the enthusiasts or activists asked him for a discussion.

A few centuries later, over the bridge of compromise that Melanchthon had built in his Augsburg Confession, so-called Protestantism, which after Luther had also betrayed the last German drop of the Reformer's blood, was able to march back Rome and its victorious imperialism.

Ignatius of Loyola called for a crusade against the north in order to destroy the last seeds of the newly awakened Germanic idea of empire in Hütten. When Canisius, his commissioner, set foot on northern soil, he found no spiritual resistance. The Protestants could only wail their

pitiful lamentations against him. The weapons were by power politicians! But they pursued other goals than spiritual ones! The idea of empire was buried for a long time under the mounds of the slain.

The German eagle of freedom, which had once preceded Hütten to the heights of the idea of the empire of this world, had been torn to pieces by a "Canisius", a dog.

When in 1917 the weakling on the German imperial throne, under pressure from the Pope, lifted the ban on the Jesuit order issued by Bismarck, when the Jesuits returned, smiling knowingly, they named their first branch after Canisius, the dog!

Hütten's struggle has a marvellous regularity both in its genesis and in its development. There is nothing half-baked, nothing timid, nothing timid. There is only idea, love of truth and fiery bravado.

In Hütten, a modern man emerged who made himself the torch of truth. He stands in the not yet very large ranks of total Germanic people of this world as a pure German very close to Dietrich von Bern.

What an irrepressible fire must have burned in this body, weakened and hollowed out by and deprivation, that the soul was able to survive the falling away of all the names that signified whole worlds: Crotus Rubianus, the friend of his youth, went anxiously on his way. Mutian, the once idolised teacher, encapsulated himself in his purely spiritual world, Pirckheimer, the rich patrician of Augsburg, indignantly slammed the door in his face, who wanted to

become nothing in the world but completely German. Reuchlin, for whom he had first argued zealously against the dark machinations of the clergy and their protégé, the baptised Jew Pfefferkorn, cowered fear at Hütten's war cry. Erasmus bowed his knees before the cross in Rome and eagerly swore to have no fellowship with Hütten, the German revolutionary. Luther turned away indignantly from Hütten's German impetuosity. Melanchthon agitated. Sickingen died after an honest struggle and believed in Hütten, his friend, but without understanding him!

Yes, it was very lonely around the dying hut! But when unknown gravediggers dug the small pit into which they lowered the coffin containing Hütten's body at a long-forgotten location on the small island of Ufnau in Lake Zurich, the spirit of this revolutionary had entered the hearts of the local population.

The kingdom of this world is eternal as long as men strive to fulfil their longing.

The third Hütten, as he rose with his struggle to the German idea par excellence, became the most dangerous explosive for all enemies of freedom in this world and the most shining torch of all boys who set out to find their heart and thus their nation.

What is heaven with its claimed immortality next to this true eternity of the idea of the kingdom of this world!

What are the saints and the pious of the kingdom of Yahweh against the true lords and heroes the north, whose clear light is brighter, more penetrating, more enduring than the fiery magic of Sinai!

Dietrich of Bern found his German singers. He found his first descendant in the idea of empire, in boldness, in hatred and in love in Ulrich von Hütten, whose memory was desecrated just like the tomb in Ravenna!

The Schmalkaldic League was the beginning of the end of the empire of the time, which – far removed from the bold plans of Theodore – was once founded by Charles and manoeuvred like a rotten ship through the troubled sea of chaotic times by often wretched bearers of the crown at the greatest sacrifice of substance and appearance.

The emperor was still regarded as the head of this ambivalent empire, not infrequently unworthy but nonetheless outlasting the chaos; anyone who rose up against the emperor was also rising up against the fragile empire's unity, which was painstakingly preserved and threatened from all sides. The higher the princes raised their heads, the lower the emperor's prestige became, and the greedier the lurking enemies became.

The princes used the chaos that began with the Reformation to bring their house power politics to an unimagined bloom. The Thirty Years' War contributed to the joy of Rome, which was guilty of the slaughter, so that there could hardly be any talk of a visible German Empire. Through the mouth of its legate Aleander, Rome had already issued the threat in Worms that it would answer any attempt by Germany to break away from Christian politics wanting to sink the sting of discord into German flesh.

It was a bitter revenge that Luther, instead of Hütten,

was able to put the stamp of spiritual will on the empire of his day. No religion can maintain an empire, only fanatical will is of doing so. The nation is nourished by action, not by prayer! That is Hütten's legacy.

Luther gave the German people a cuckoo's egg. This is the Holy Scripture of the Jews!

No one will want to deny Luther the merit of having taken a great step towards the linguisation of the nation by translating the Bible into German – the example of Hütten, who wrote in German, made a deep impression on Luther. However, theologically influenced circles exaggerate excessively when they claim that Luther was the creator of the German written language!

But one fact is usually overlooked or over: With his gift of a "German" Bible, Luther the thinking of the German people of his time, so completely that for a long time the entire public and intellectual life of the nation was seen and evaluated through the Jewish lens of the Bible, so to speak. Reformation poetry is full of Jewish puns, images and examples. The Holy One of Israel becomes the centrepiece of the entire Reformation theology. Luther, the rebel against Peter and the Roman legal church, inevitably became a follower of the far more dangerous and even more "Jewish" Paul. The Pauline way of thinking that awoke in Luther, which with its Jewish-rabulistic background posed a danger to any straightforward character, led him to help a very flexible "church of conscience" achieve a breakthrough. The "church of conscience" of Protestants of all shades opens the door hypocrisy. Every ambitious socialite, every vain clergyman, every glory-seeking statesman can rely on his

"conscience" and thus disguise his instinctive, personal reasons. In such a "church of conscience", the seeds of decomposition were bound to lie. In order to preserve the "purity" of the Jewish message concealed in the Bible, the followers of the countless sects smashed their skulls to the honour and joy of Yahweh, and it was a gruesome spectacle to see how gradually the "purest" Bible scholars, i.e. those who took the "uninterpreted" word seriously, also became the most Jewish. Where law is superseded by "grace", arbitrariness inevitably arises. And so it came about that in the ranks of the "Protestants" not infrequently showed a laxity towards duty, since "everything for nothing"! The scoundrel could perhaps high in God's favour, higher at least than the righteous, so beware of premature condemnation! The spectre of "grace" took away the last certainty! If the feeling of predestination added to the concept of grace, the preconditions for a general fatalism were given! This in turn led to the fulfilment of the biblical saying "resist not evil", especially in politics, to the point of national suicide. It should never be forgotten that it was Protestant theologians such as Dehn and Tillich who the door to Bolshevik decomposition. An arch-theologian of Protestantism, Karl Barth, became the key witness for the almost whorish devotion of the "word" to every parasite of the spirit.

The legal church of Rome was ultimately easier for the Germanic spirit to overcome than the church of conscience!

The crude Luther, that is his terrible tragedy, became the saviour of spiritual Judaism, as Paul had once been.

It should be borne in mind that Peter and Paul once

again faced each other in the later disputes. Ignatius of Loyola, the bloodthirsty fighter of the legal church, fought for St Peter, while the followers of Luther fought for St Paul! The fact that German blood flowed in unceasing streams on both sides must have pleased King Yahweh, whose kingdom of heaven had only ever been seriously threatened by the Germanic tribes. Yahweh and his governor were also the only ones in the know who smiled at the murder and realised that both Peter and Paul only wanted one thing seriously: to lead the world under Mount Sinai!

Luther's final consequence, which not be overlooked above all the *völkisch* approaches, is: "Lord, not as I will, but as you will". But the Lord is Yahweh, the Lord of hosts, beside whom, as Luther writes, there is no other God, and who will keep the kingdom!

Luther did not – as the best of his time hoped – the total Christian world view of the Middle Ages with a national, purely German one, but split up!

That was the triumph of Rome and the downfall of Protestantism, which was in tatters. Luther had certainly opened the floodgates of the great Christian reservoir, but he had not been able to steer the waters. Rather, he, himself an unshakeable rock, stood in the middle of the path to the future, with the water parting at his feet so that it flowed in two directions, one earthly and one heavenly. The earthly direction was characterised by the glow of the liberated the human spirit, which found its task, fulfilment and proof in science and finally in technology. But the direction, the longing of the unliberated soul, remained confused, chaotic, lost in a maze!

Luther was not able to overcome theocentric thinking! That is his downfall! That is the reason why he must ultimately bow to a greater one, namely Hütten, even if his theological advocates "protest" against it.

Although Rome had separated body and soul in its judgement, it had united them in the service of the Lord by completely subjugating both and only allowing the third, the spirit, reason, as the handmaiden of theology. Luther fully recognised this Christian starting position, only allowing the spirit greater freedom, so that in the course of the post- Lutheran development of Protestantism the decisive battles between spirit and soul took place, with the result that at the end of the Protestant the spirit could be seen as the adversary of the soul!

Rome still declared: here pope, here emperor! – and demanded primacy. Luther split up: hie God, hie conscience, hie world! – and finally agreed with everyone. This ended in chaos. The homeless soul of the "Protestants", which was forged in an almost Promethean gulf between heaven and earth, could not create a new home for itself through the brave struggle of discovery of the "desecrated" spirit, so the spirit could become materialistically "godless".

Indeed, one can almost claim that after Luther a "bibliocentric" thinking arose in Protestantism, precisely that thinking for the sake of interpretation, which brought about a complete stagnation of the soul, until finally the spiritual values were completely devalued by the spirit. Not church nor nation, but secularism, that is Luther's end. Not church nor state, but state church, that is the death of the

Protestants and the birth of the "Evangelicals".

Luther's idea of publicity in church government gradually became a farce, until it sank to the level of a dolt when the last German emperor put on the clerical cassock as the "*Summus epigeopus*" of his church and preached a sermon in Jerusalem! An emperor whose contemporaries were Bismarck and Nietzsche was allowed to do that!

Precisely in view of the development he initiated, Luther can only be seen as an experiment, an experiment failed! The explosive that Luther invented did not tear apart the kingdom of Yahweh, but the kingdom of this world!

From the fragments of the empire, strong rulers of the north tried to put together new sub-empires. After the death of the great conqueror Gustav Adolf of Sweden, who was a better statesman than an evangelical Christian, the power of "faith" in the biblical sense proved to be extremely fragile and not infrequently dishonest. A healthy doubt about the effectiveness of the gospel of grace arose and the men of the North for the more honest gospel of action.

If the supposed battle for pure doctrine had turned the world of the north into a heap of ruins, then the deed was to displace death. In the fiercely contested northern German region, longing first gave rise to willingness. Prussia, the land of the hardest will, arose! Prussia virtually became the stronghold of immortal law, which unfolded in defiance of all mortal enmities.

The Brandenburg heartland, this sandbox, whose inhabitants have already had to muster an unheard-of

audacity to affirm their meagre existence, defies, betrayed by the Roman creature, Count Adam of Schwarzenberg, the downfall decided by all the powers of darkness and rises, led by an almost jubilant will to power, to the highest heights of the bravest peoples!

Brandenburg-Prussia becomes an example of what a small nation achieve by mobilising its will, mind you, the spiritual forces of Prussia were not "supplied" by Rome or Wittenberg. They grew out of the will to live!

What external resources did Frederick William, the future Great Elector, already have when he came to power at the age of twenty – his father, George William, a physical and mental ruin, left him nothing. No money, no administration, no army, no reputation, not even a decent name! And that wretched father had certainly not been able to think about his own politics. He was a pawn in the caprice of the powerful, nothing more. An unfree man who had allowed himself to be driven into the nets of Roman action by Schwarzenberg without resistance, what wonder that the young ruler up his government with very mixed feelings! what wonder that he felt disgusted when he thought of Brandenburg, of the land that had been shaken by the murderous plague of the priests, that had been plundered by rebellious bands of lansquenets, that had had to endure the indescribable tribulations of the Christian Swedes!

But the true rulers of the North have always grown by overcoming the greatest difficulties. And they came close to the heart of the secret nation because of the troubles and sorrows they took upon themselves for freedom.

Learning from his father's devastating experiences with so-called alliance politics, which in essence was nothing other than a weakening of his own will, Frederick William was certain that he could only pursue a policy of his own strength and trust in the validity of his own conscience and his own responsibility. Should he submit to the poles that the Duchy of Prussia, the former state of the Teutonic Knights, was to sovereignty over the Duchy of Prussia; or should he even try to persuade the Spanish, Dutch and Swedes to spare the Klevian lands by negotiating with them?

Frederick William knew that politics was not possible without a sword. That is why he set about forging the sword, creating an army. But the sword of politics, his warrior blood told him, must be of one piece, it must not be assembled from numerous parts. It must not be possible for there to be other wills in the army besides the will of the ruler. And apart from duty, no other ideas must prevail in an army if it is to be ready for action at any moment!

With a vigour that astonished his opponents, Frederick William set about literally stamping an army out of the ground. From the soil of his homeland, from the sandy soil of the Mark Brandenburg, whose men were as hard and rugged as its pine forests.

He expelled Schwarzenberg, the henchman of the blood-denying and romance-loving Habsburg, and inclined his ear to the wise advice of the incorruptible Burgdorf, who was an enemy of the pope's politics.

The concentration of forces required above all the limitation of hostilities, which is why he initially concluded harmless truces instead of lazy peace agreements, which

were to serve as preparation for tougher advances. his successful enfeoffment with Prussia, Frederick William decided to renounce the estuaries and Western Pomerania in favour of the Swedes at the end of the 'Thirty Years' War.

He worked all the harder to train and educate his army and the administrative apparatus in the following "peacetime". Landsknecht leaders and their troops were "socialised", i.e. made officers of the state. A bold endeavour, as only the richest countries, Austria, Sweden and France, could afford standing armies. Yesterday the world laughed at the Brandenburgers, today it had to grit its teeth and recognise the superiority of will over the power of wealth.

The Great Elector did not think to the estates of his country each time to authorise the necessary funds for the armament. He used indirect taxes to help! Thus he became a socialist in the best sense of the word, because, with the common good of the nation in mind, he placed the burden of building up the country on the shoulders of the population as a whole and ensured that the wealthy, who were heavy consumers, were burdened many times more than the less well-off. His predecessor was still a friend of the common view that the poor had much to bear and the rich little! Friedrich Wilhelm also recognised the need for planning in economic management.

For him, the total permeation of the state with his will was the prerequisite for the possibility of success. The more lonely and misunderstood he became, the more clearly and purposefully the Great Elector set about realising his plans. He knew no "impossible", at most he knew a "not yet".

He had had to learn the bitter word "wait", the word that has shattered many a capable but unrestrained statesman. He had let his heart glow with a comforting hatred. Hatred of the "liberating" Sweden, which over time developed into a true cancer, which sought to prolong the war for the sake of war for all eternity and had already distanced itself so far from Protestant thinking that it sold itself today to Austria, tomorrow to France, this hour to Luther, the next to the Pope.

Precisely because the empire had become a robbery of the cross and the powers enslaved to it, Frederick William recognised the need to act in a "petty German" manner if necessary muffling in order to maintain a healthy core for a future larger Germany.

Frederick the Great later pursued the policy of the healthy core in an even more drastic form. And Bismarck's idea of empire was also "small German", but without betraying the greater Germany;

Friedrich Wilhelm became the master of the politics of the "right moment", a policy of success that only an autonomous and self-confident statesman is capable of leading. The prerequisite for such a successful policy is unconditional obedience and the willingness of all the real forces of the state, i.e. both the soldiers and the civil servants must not only be correct subjects, but above all ready and convinced followers.

The fact that the Great Elector was not only able to hold together his country, which was divided into countless pieces and fragments, but also to weld it into a block of will, is tremendous proof of the correctness of his authoritarian

thinking. Through him, the history of Brandenburg-Prussia has become an of the victory of small but energetic states over much larger but "liberal" states.

The Great Elector was often enough portrayed as "disloyal" by democratic chatterers. His loyalty was solely to the higher goal of the greatness and security of the state. However, he broke many a treaty and many an assurance, many a promise and also many a word to this higher loyalty. In the history of nations, however, a proud breach of word, which would bring freedom, has always been more convincing and more manly than a cowardly "loyalty to treaties", which perpetuates a state of servitude; petty and fearful philistines are not able to judge men who break promises made for the sake of higher loyalty, because they lack the prerequisite of measure: greatness of character! The rebels who, through their bold deeds and resolutions, turned the rudder of the states who pulled about at a dangerous moment and saved the nation had to reckon with the fact that if their advance failed, they would lose more than their head, namely their honour, their name! Their courageous gamble, their daring endeavour, must therefore be valued all the more highly.

Friedrich Wilhelm worked with the greatest energy to enlighten his people, to make them ready for the ethical concept of the community of destiny. The knowledge of the conditional nature of the national union was to enable the citizens of the state to show even greater willingness to make sacrifices and even more sincere dedication in all matters of public life.

This mental mobilisation was all the more important as

the Great Elector knew that his country would first have to go through countless and probably also through many wars in order to form the necessary inner and outer unity. The phrase, "Remaining neutral is like a worm that eats itself", coined by the great Brandenburgian, became the fateful word of his country, which became the bearer of national unrest in the dying German Empire!

It became Prussia's destiny and national mission not to remain neutral, but to be the seed of all renewal movements in the empire from then on.

When, shortly before the outbreak of the Wars of Liberation of 1813, a Prussian king, a weakling on the throne of duty, once tried to remain neutral and, for the sake of petty loyalty to the unscrupulous conqueror Napoleon, resisted breaking the imposed alliances, he would have a traitor to the greater loyalty by a hair's breadth, and this betrayal would probably plunged not only Prussia but the entire German Empire into eternal night.

A policy of the strong heart, as Friedrich Wilhelm knew, also had to be a policy of the strong arm. "Alliances are good, but one's own strength is even better!" That was one of the realisations that have repeatedly led Prussia from humiliation to the light of freedom.

The extent to which the Great Elector was interested in making his country dangerous and untouchable through spiritual mobilisation, which was always followed by a boost in all areas of life, can be seen from one of his pamphlets, which he had distributed throughout the country. Here the Germans are told that their ancestors once terrible to the whole world! The appeal is made to the German demon, to

the passionate indignation of all blood, soul and racial values dormant and fermenting in the hereditary mass.

It is not difficult to guess what type of German the Great Elector, who believed himself to be a Christian, had in mind. At least he did not of the German of his choice as a serious Christian! The line of spiritual ancestors of this great rebel leads to Dietrich von Bern!

Brandenburg's Red Eagle soared into the air, causing the enemies to tremble. Even if not all of the 's plans succeeded, the most essential plan did: Brandenburg-Prussia became the idea of the fight for freedom par excellence! Brave men of German blood and Nordic spirit came to Berlin from all over Europe to serve under the soaring Red Eagle.

Sweden was finally crushed, even if the fearful "world" deprived the Great Elector of the fruits of victory, which is why the desire for revenge and reckoning, for punishment and retribution did not let the ageing, not at all Christian Elector rest and drove him from one daring attempt to the next, even more daring one. Everything points to the conclusion that, once the rapacious Swedes had defeated, France would be dealt decisive blow and then it would be time to settle accounts with the emperor, who had become the beadle of Rome and saw in the Elector the most dangerous Nordic heretic of the time.

The heretic prince dared to bring noble and educated heretics, rebels, insurrectionists and rebels from all lands of Nordic blood to Brandenburg-Prussia and thus not only to harm the Dark Ones or to support those in need in Christian charity, but above all to give the country itself a tremendous boost through the influx of noble blood and

spiritual values. This brought an ever-increasing creative joy to the barren Brandenburg, to Pomerania, to old Prussia. Prosperity grew out of the sand. This was a tremendous fruit of the will of this world and of faith in this world!

Above all, Brandenburg-Prussia became a stronghold of intellectual freedom, and the universities, over which the Great Elector held his protective hand, very soon outshone all the places of the uninspired, where belated scholastics ploughed their murky intellectual trade.

The land of the red eagle became proud as it spread its wings and flew to the coast of Guinea!

The true Lord of this country could proudly oppose to the evil spirit that revoked the so-called Edict of Toleration of Nantes and thus brought about the persecution of all liberal heretics in France, the decree of Potsdam, which was able to give all those who suffered persecution for the sake of freedom, truth and justice the sweet consolation of the near and open homeland of the strong.

There were certainly also many in the life of this great man, which were reflected in the not always happy realisation of his plans. He certainly lacked the final rigour in many things. But his critics must be that the Great Elector carried out a unique mobilisation of the soul of his people in the midst of the downfalls of his time and had nothing else to throw into the scales of world history but the force of a concentrated will. The fact that this weight to be decisive, however, was the beginning of the Prussian embassy to the world, the message of duty, honour and will, the only message that is justified in the home of the strong!

Through Frederick William, the northern region became the pole of freedom again for the first time after a disgraceful period. For the first time, a defiant language was spoken again in a northern state, in Brandenburg-Prussia. Even that sacred word hate, which was to be erased from the vocabulary by Christianity, once again crossed the lips of proud men. For the first time, the phrases about so-called "happiness" faded away!

The unprecedented rise of the new Prussia, which had become a strong, healthy and even prosperous country through the construction of canals, drainage, mills and factories, industries, land improvements, the building of a fleet, the establishment of a powerful army and a unique economic policy, had not been fought for in order to provide its inhabitants with a happy and contented existence, but was aimed exclusively at the freedom, honour and greatness of the state, whose only, but also overwhelming, moral was duty.

Service became the first commandment of duty, and service embraced, seized, compelled all members of the state, all estates, all men, the elector, the chamberlain, the officer, the soldier, the civil servant, the peasant, the artisan, the tradesman, the free merchant. This was the first true socialism, the expression of life and the proof of love of the real empire of this world!

In the new Prussia, the German demon rose up again for the first time after Hütten and created the only German state that was true to its nature: the unity of leadership and people in equal duty to a common goal. This state, however,

had to be aristocratic at its core: the will of the leader formed the face and soul of the followers!

The deed of the Great Elector remained decisive for Prussia, when his successor, Frederick I, who elevated Prussia to a kingdom, allowed the army and thus the guarantor of freedom to atrophy. The message of duty prevailed over the splendour that was so inwardly distant from Prussianism, which the new king unfolded in order to match the "class comrades" in the display of splendour. There were always men, like Danckelmann, who built places in their own hearts for the spirit and will of the Great Elector.

Prussia's second king, Frederick William 1st, fully embodied the Prussian idea that had already become law. Lupus, pomp and effeminacy disappeared at a stroke. The favourites, gossips, courtiers, intriguers, sycophants and charlatans fled Prussia, which was once again becoming soldierly. Harsh discipline, deprivation for the of the goal, voluntary poverty as a sign of the utmost fulfilment of duty became manifestations of the Prussian attitude, which was able to give Europe a new face. The country, so small in size, raised an army with a strength of eighty thousand men, unheard of at the time. Rome's spirit of disorder had to give way before the military uprising: in the year 1714 the witch trials were abolished. Seventeen thousand protesters came from Salzburg alone to the free Prussian north!

There was only one thing in which Frederick William I was the Great Elector.

The Habsburgs were not a docile pupil: they recognised the fundamental disloyalty of the Habsburgs. In the service of Rome, the Habsburgs wanted precisely to prevent the rise of the north and were constantly setting new traps for the king, into which he trustingly fell, so that his people suffered considerable losses in blood and ultimately also in land.

However, the "spirit of Potsdam", the Prussian revelation of the law, the soldierly expression of the Nordic attitude, preserved the superiority of the Prussians even in hours of disappointment. the pride and the imperious arrogance. He did not crawl to his knees!

Only from this spirit could the incarnate genius of the new, warlike and knowledgeable North be born: Frederick the Great!

His youth is a wonderful didactic poem for the inescapable lawfulness of the Nordic spirit, which forces the strong to become bearers and fulfillers of the law. Frederick rebelled with all the fibres of his impetuous, beauty-hungry heart against the Prussian attitude, whose merciless commandment of duty, which crushed all cosmopolitan, non-warlike feelings, drove him to despair of the meaning of existence. The was so strong, so born of the primal reasons of a soul longing for the serene heaven of pleasure out of the compulsion to fulfil duty, that flight from the law, desertion, seemed the lesser evil to the young Frederick.

It is understandable that all those circles in Potsdam and Berlin who were weary of the constraints of duty, that the

people who felt that Prussia's demands on their personalities and the subjugation of their personal demands on life to the common good were disturbing, and above all that the many secret enemies of the freedom of the North, the agents of the countries and powers belonging to Rome, supported the young Frederick in his rebellion. Prussia was to be destroyed so that his example perish. The surest way to achieve this goal seemed to to remove the soul of the heir to the throne from the constraints of the law, to make it unstable, to weaken the blood through unrestrained enjoyment.

A sophisticated, clever game: a Prussian should be a murderer of the law! An artificially blinded person should murder steel in best belief in the justification of his deed.

The powers of darkness, the supranational powers, the members of Rome, the Freemasons, who, with a cold gaze, spy out the breaches in the victim's soul and have the means at hand to widen these breaches, to keep the breaches open until the poison of decomposition has taken effect, fought for the soul of the young heir to the throne.

Anything that can erode drive, character, a sense of honour, self- respect and shame can be used as poison. It is the old tactic of allowing existing instincts to grow to the point of unrestraint, to the point of vice, through coldly calculated support, thus turning the victim into a tool of politics. Until the day when the tool becomes worthless. Then the veils are pulled back, the abused tool stands there unveiled, pathetic and falls victim to the curse or the laughter of history!

The law had to with these powers in the battle for the soul of the heir to the throne. And it is known that the

powers of darkness would have ensnared the soul of the young Frederick by a hair's breadth, had Frederick's desertion from Prussia succeeded, Prussia would probably have been a shining but brief episode in the struggle for freedom of the North.

It is an overwhelming, awe-inspiring sign of the superiority of the hard will to law that was alive in Frederick William I that he had his son's noble, faithful comrade, Katte, executed and forced the heir to the throne to watch! In such hours souls are hardened or broken. Frederick's young soul found its way to the law after horrific ordeals!

A memorial of that stands higher than all religions: a king fights for his son so that his soul may also become royal! To do this, he uses the hardest and cruelest means, the sacrifice of one who is ultimately blameless and noble, a means that only a true king may use without staining his soul.

The love with which the Old King went about his work can be seen from the records of the Crown Prince's trial. These files contain every last detail of the king's precautions, who wanted to educate his son for Prussian royalty. And he would rather killed his own son than see him become a traitor to Prussian law. Can a king act more royally; and is not the sacrifice of the best just good enough to give the people a great, hard and incorruptible leader?

For one thing is certain: Katte remained the ever-vigilant word of duty throughout Frederick's life. Through his sacrifice, Katte turned a dreamer with a tendency towards softness into a warrior.

This is royal behaviour: to end the race between law and seduction through the bloody sacrifice of a brave man!

With this deed, the royal Frederick William I has written himself into the book of the history of great souls that will endure for thousands of years. His name will still shine when, perhaps millennia from now, the buildings of Prussia have decayed and disappeared. With this act, the king led his son out of the clutches of the opposition and into a new position in the state of Prussia. It was the stroke of the sword that cut the delicate web that led his threads to all the courts of the world, but no longer to Potsdam and Berlin.

A state like Prussia could only live and exist by straining all warlike forces and eradicating all softening, distracting forces; it had to scrupulously avoid all experiments, since it had clearly recognised its law. It is idle to enquire who passed more difficult hours, the Old King, who saw his Prussia, his idea, under threat, or the young heir to the throne, whose soul cried out and doubted his father's humanity in the face of the murder that robbed him of his friend and at the same time made him complicit in this death.

A whole world of joy, of education, of poetry, of music, of religion, of cheerfulness, most carefully promoted by the enemies of Prussia, rose up before the young Frederick to capture him, not to release him again. The shadow of Katte became the gatekeeper! He did not allow Frederick to step out of the realm of duty, out of the revelation of the law.

The whispers of Christian pacifist doctrines and worldly ideals were destroyed by Katte's shadow. And the lonelier the heir to the throne became, the clearer his realisation and

his knowledge of the law, the more heroic his realism!

However, he had to come to terms with this realism in order to find a clear path through the web of intrigue, espionage and bribery that had become almost impossible to overlook. Even the Queen had become involved in the conspiratorial circles as a result of hovering between the Western powers and Habsburg – both secretly despised Prussia and tried to play it as a trump card – because, unlike the Old King, she thought in Western terms and received money from these powers, of course only for services in return, i.e. espionage!

From his earliest youth, the heir to the throne had to pass harrowing tests of soul and character, to which were added physical trials when the king insisted that the prince undergo rigorous military training in opposition to the effeminate influences of the opposition.

The planned escape from coercion into seemingly rosy freedom became an escape from rebellion against the law into the true life of duty. Above all, this shattered France's plan to make the crown prince politically dependent by supporting his further wishes. The French emissaries, who as his country's representative playing a very risky game with the prince's soul, was fuming with rage and would have preferred to have the bribed court circles stage a coup against the Old King.

But the King of Prussia was stronger than the forces of darkness! Remember that the Old King was a naturally benevolent man who, when he knew himself to be the bearer of Prussian law, did not shrink from the harshest cruelty in order to keep the commandment of duty

inviolable. The Old King thus became the founder of the attitude of discipline that was only understandable in the North and which was decried by the enemy powers as the service of the spats.

In the Old King, beyond the western, pacifist and cosmopolitan liberalism and the eastern, submissive, servant mentality that used and endured the rod, the great third emerged: serving duty as the noblest law of life. The beginnings of this attitude of mind and revelation of character, which the Great Elector had laid down, now became a system.

England, France and Habsburg Austria were able to send their sons out into the wide world, where could find rewards, trials and advancement: Prussia forced its sons into the narrow and joyless everyday life, into the barracks, onto the parade ground – and thus achieved an unprecedented concentration of will, which had to gather, control and restrain itself in order to burst forth all the more overwhelmingly in the hour of deployment. This is the Prussian law, so often misinterpreted, so often reviled, which has unhinged more than one hypocritical world.

Numerous small German states suffered greatly from the influences of the effeminate and effeminate West, Prussia lived dangerously and poorly, but it lived consciously and therefore, even in the most frightening times, safely!

1730 is the year of the crown prince's flight, ten years later he took office. These ten years were a time of new incarnation!

This shows how incredibly important it is to bring

young people to the point of the hardest decision through proper education. The knowledgeable and therefore valuable person is only born in the hour of decision. The fate of the Crown Prince in particular is proof of how wrong it is and how disastrous it must be when an undecided person given tasks, whoever loves the youth of his nation should give them the opportunity to decide!

The Young King would have had incomparably more difficult years of "searching" and struggling on the throne, and the state would have experienced many anxiety-filled hours, had the Old King renounced the decision! Katte's death forced the crown prince to decide whether to recognise life as a reason of state or to throw it away completely. After making his decision, the crown prince used the years remaining to him until his accession to power to learn more knowledgeably and thus forge the deadly sword of the alert mind.

This made him bulletproof in the face of fate.

As a steadfast and unshakeable man, he was thus able to develop the highest art of generalship, planning and decision-making, the thought and the command of the moment. This is the high military art of instinct, for which there are no rules of war and no mechanical learning.

In this way, he was able to rein in a Europe that was rebelling and gnashing its teeth and impose the law of his will on it.

So could he himself the most powerful instrument of the Prussian will, which literally burns up in service.

His lifestyle became type-forming. He is therefore not

only the creator of an authoritarian state, but also of an authoritarian man of will.

Warriorship mobilises all the powers of man's will, blood and soul to the highest achievement and in its attitude leads to the eradication of all weakening and corrosive germs. The young Frederick saved from the dangers of effeminacy by the law of Prussian duty, which the Old King forced him to obey.

The life-loving warrior knows how to feel all the beauties of existence particularly strongly and to love them precisely in his willingness to make sacrifices. But he is the master of these beauties, never a slave to their enjoyment. The sense of life gives him heights of sensation which the pleasure-seeker is never able to reach in the everyday life of his lust.

From the Great Elector via the Old King to the Great Frederick, a clearly developing path knowledge, implementation and the law finally becoming reality leads the way.

The law of the North, which expresses itself in the highest exaltation of manhood, in warriorship, is orientated towards the cultivation of a sense of life. Thus Frederick also had to become the first carer of his country and the devoted to it. As a primarily important class, the peasantry was taken under the supportive protection of the state. The peasants were no longer allowed to be "laid", they were removed from exploitation and oppression. The second and third and subsequent sons of peasants were given the opportunity to obtain possible settler positions in the Prussian East, which had been opened up and reclaimed by all means. Jews were not allowed to estates and farms. The interest rate

was determined.

The shackles that hindered healthy domestic development were cut in one fell swoop after another.

Torture, the means dating back to the times of Christian world domination, was abolished in order to extort any confession favourable to the church and thus kill anyone who was disliked or dangerous. Here, too, it was proven that a truly strong state is always the most generous! Only weakness leads to arbitrariness, oppression, injustice and violence.

The whole of legal life was once again immersed in the German spirit. The advocates disappeared. A new law book and a new, fairer, improved code of procedure were created. Frederick's strong state also became the most just in Europe. Instead of the mendacious phrases of human rights, a new order of human duties emerged, which alone are a genuine expression of true humanity.

"I do not have to live, but I must act!" This is Frederick's first commandment in the doctrine of the new order of human duties. Here is the tremendous breakthrough of the Germanic attitude through all religions and philosophies of the past Christian or Christian-influenced millennium. This is the raising of the German demon, the blowing up of all crusts of thought by the dynamite of a concentrated will.

Quietism, pietism, optimism, pessimism, all these buzzwords are overridden by the attitude of heroic realism, born of the realisation of the law, which Friedrich Nietzsche, the spiritual descendant of Frederick the Great, developed into one of the most masculine doctrines of all

time.

Here, for the first time, the Germanic spirit that had been set free speaks again from Frederick, and what a wonder that Frederick also became the loneliest in Europe!

Even in his bitterest hour, the heroism of his soul shone through the darkness spread by fate. So it says in a letter of March 1741 to the Minister Count Podewils:

"I am only king when I am free.

If I fall, it is my will that my body cremated in the Roman manner and buried in an urn in Rheinsberg!"

It is incomprehensible how weak-minded interpreters were allowed to fiddle about with the image of this total Nordic man, how they could have the audacity to scrutinise every second of this unique life in order to perceive an unevenness or even a small crack and triumphantly report it a sneering, small-minded world. And attempts from certain quarters to save this man, who had risen above all traditional religions and forms of thought and who had dedicated himself entirely to the kingdom of this world, for after all, seem particularly ridiculous!

With their stupid audacity, such people are like the people of Lalendorf who call the fire dirty because it throws up ash dust!

Shortly before his death, the literally Luciferian Friedrich was able to say:

"I have always loved the light!"

But the light of his attitude, which emanated from him, allowed thousands of the best of the northern region to find

their way into their own hearts and into the heart of the nation.

For the spirit of Frederick leads via Prussia, which could and wanted to be only a reservoir of newly found or awakened Nordic energies, into the empire of this world, into the greater Germany!

The gateway to the home of the strong was pushed open by Friedrich Nietzsche, who laid the explosive charge of lawful thinking on the enormous heaps of rubble of collapsed systems of power, buildings of thought and temples and created space for the bold shock troops of the new millennium.

It was an outrageously bold endeavour to clothe the breakthrough of the law in words and concepts, in demands, commands, slogans and proclamations. The language of philosophies and religions is not sufficient for this, so Nietzsche created a new, poetic language for his work, which thus also became an unprecedented beginning in terms of language. The so-called spiritual world, which had been labouring along the old paths, was unable comprehend Nietzsche's demonisation; it was only able to stare at it fearfully with the hatred that every doomed person harbours against one who represses him.

As the first blow against all "miracles" and coincidences, from the fearful and the frightened take the content of their mental life, Nietzsche proclaimed the realisation of the higher purposefulness of everything strong, becoming, creative. There is now no longer any thing for its own sake,

not even an unbound idea! Even God does not exist for his own sake! The higher purposefulness displaces all merely observing theories of religions, world views and philosophies. The spiritual world, hitherto walled in by concepts that were difficult to understand, sealed off by impenetrable hedges of education, is suddenly opened wide, the cobwebs and the hollow spaces are recognised and removed. A new spirit blows in cold northern gales, freezing many minds and weak souls to ice. Nietzsche begins to judge, to tear down, to overthrow, to enforce, to create space for something seemingly impossible: for the new man, the superman, who is able to live with the new man, the powerful momentum of the will lifts the soul to unimagined triumphs, yes, even to the highest triumph over fear and death.

In the midst of a very lush and contented environment, the superman of the purified Nordic spirit characterises the knowledge of the dangerous life as the only life worth living. In the midst of a pacifist era, the high song of merciless warriorship resounds. It seems understandable that the sheltered citizens smiled stupidly and shrugged their shoulders at the demand that freedom, too, was bound to an ultimate goal in higher purpose.

The barren problematic, the ultimately cheap speculation, is overcome by the demand for a new relationship to life, for a new sense of life. Zarathustra, the singing, smiling, believing warrior, a new Lucifer, enters this fright-filled world with a message that means death to the weak, but true life to the strong. Whereas in pre-Socratic times the philosopher was once the guardian of state

thinking, and then sank into a leavened, contemplative way of thinking, now a teaching is born which, planted in the heart of the nation as the seed of a new humanity, is called upon to turn educators and statesmen into guardians of the true eternity of this world.

Where Kant demarcates education in the commandment of duty, Nietzsche's message begins with the higher duty, the will.

It is no arrogance to say that only the northern region was capable of such a birth of the idea enshrined in the law.

The Northern Lights lit up the world again when the suns and moons went out!

The dynamite of the superman also became the overriding mental attitude of National Socialism, its herald and realiser:: the creator of the Third Reich, the Germanic Reich of the German Nation in reality, is the spirit of that spirit as well as the spirit of the creator of the Third Reich, the Myth of the XXth century from this height of Nordic vision, revealing, destroying, building anew.

When the gods die, superhumans take over their inheritance. This is what Prometheus taught us, and this is the testament of Zarathustra.

It is not surprising that the gods are rearing their heads and moving the underworld in a storm against the coming, the bold, the strong! A wonderfully harsh world that has long since sunk into oblivion reappears, growing from Nietzsche's words and images into a new, purified reality. Not a city with golden gawks, no, a world full of the sound of weapons and war songs, full of discipline and order, a

world of toughness and decency!

The ancients could not have imagined a more wondrous of Atlantis, the Germanic tribes could not have imagined a more beautiful of the new earth after the great fire, than Nietzsche has Zarathustra carry the new world of the knowing and willing, the ready and warlike on his hands from the lonely heights into the valleys of mankind.

The suffering of the ascent that the superman has to endure on his way to the mountain of perfection is outshone by the beauty of the royal mantle of a new humanity that will clothe him there. The realisation is powerful and more than just comforting: suffering does not serve to surrender to the will of a god, but to recognise one's own strength and to awaken resistance!

Nietzsche was born around a hundred years ago, but how thoroughly the world has changed by the dynamite of his soul!

In the coming age of races and nations the value of this Luciferian thinker will be fully appreciated, his value will remain constant as long there are conscious nations and proud people.

The huge burden of intellectual struggle that Nietzsche took upon himself broke him physically and mentally. But no God blinded the superman with madness, as the not-all-becoming-pious would have us believe!

Moreover, no heretic will ever want to or be able to renounce his heresy for fear of punishment from heaven!

How mean are the attempts of those on the other side, whose own confession is a rejection of this world of

fatherlands, nations and ruffians, to accuse Nietzsche of an un-German mentality, if Nietzsche needs the whip to spur on the weary, then behind all his serious, admonishing and sorrowful words is the great love for the people whom he wants to lead to the heights, even if it is under the most unbearable conditions. May those on the other side comb their own ranks for traitors to the people, they would have a lifetime of work to do. Let them leave the order of things, values and people of this world to the disciples of this world.

How imperious, defiant and faithful is Nietzsche's realisation that all culture – which the weak-minded want to regard as the birth of religion – strives only to produce genius!

The purpose of all creation is to increase life! This is the purest teaching of eternity in this world.

What does it matter that the lightning of heaven can strike the defiant rebel on the highest mountain peak – he who was able to see into eternity from this world remains present in this eternity, he cannot die!

Thus the strong man lives according to the law that determines the order of his life. He is not a slave to morality, not a servant of fear, but the sovereign master who became free through the realisation of the true values of humanity for the ultimate mission of creation: to create living people for this world and thus take the place of the old gods, as Prometheus once did!

The great awakening of the nation, which is at the same

time the dawn of the rising Germanic empire, has proven the correctness of Nietzsche's demand for the new man.

Nietzsche belongs in the ranks of the supermen, the true gods of Germania, who not only prevented the downfall of the North, but also filled the North with a dangerously lively spirit.

And this spirit will take on fleshly form on the Day of Judgement. This day will be the "Last Judgement", which will not be by Yahweh and his Jews in the Jabbok Valley near Jerusalem, but by Germanic tribes:

These Teutons, reborn from blood and rape, will give the world a face. It will be an open, faithful and tough face!

The purpose of politics lies in the mobilisation of the forces and passions slumbering in the race to develop the will of the people. This national will awaits the hour of fulfilment, awaits the call of the leader of the nation, who grasps the "right moment", as the Greeks called the hour of destiny, in order to dare the history-making deed with this will.

But the mobilisation of those forces and passions is the work of the educators of the people, who are the spirit of the eternal spirit of the nation and the blood of the eternal bloodstream that feeds the true leader.

If the creation of the people is birth, then the education of the people is continuous procreation!

Woe to the nation that makes the otherworldly into procreators.

Education of the people is not possible without a judgemental and evaluative knowledge of history as the judgement of the peoples.

And he who has no idea of the vibrations of his people's soul will never understand the law of nation-building!

But education should be: pulling the people up over depths, abysses and ravines to the heights of a conscious life that follows the lawful vibrations of the racial soul to ever new goals of perfection.

The footsteps of the Germanic columns that have set out to find their homeland, never to lose it again, are already roaring through the early morning.

When the old trembled before death, the young heard the warlike word of command. The new signs of certain hope were pinned to the old banner of yearning. And with hands trembling with joyful excitement, the boys wrote themselves the motto

One people – one empire – one leader!

The forces of darkness are preparing for the final assault to push this realm out of reality forever. They shout their threats.

The boys laugh heartily.

God's punishment?

May he punish, we fight back!

The power of fate?

We will break free of the dragon's fate in defiance.

Doomed to failure?

The law is there. It does not doom itself to failure, and

the Lord of the world is the enforcer of the law!

The battle between night and light is ancient!

But isn't there always a shining day after the darkest night – the law cannot be bent!

Let him who believes that he can catch the light and banish it into darkness rise up and stand in the way of the Germanic kingdom of this world, which has become truth and is growing to perfection!

The law kills those who think to bend it!

The Maternal Women

When the lonely and strong in defiant bitterness, the motherly women were also struck by the last hour. A weak millennium, which condemned the warlike men, must also condemn the motherly women, the women who let the man find the way to heroism all the more surely, as the manhood receives an unheard-of increase to the perfect deed through the ennoblement of instinctuality.

It is an ancient, eternally recurring song of the North that the hero sets out, after the hour of proving himself, after overcoming all adventures and dangers, to seek the last greatest experience: the woman. The woman who is worth fighting for.

And woe to the man who is not strong enough to fight for a noble woman! If he is weaker than the woman, he will be killed by her or her blood relatives as punishment for attempting to humiliate a noble woman.

To the noblest man the noblest woman! This is an age-old demand, for the sake of which even wars are not shunned, so that the best bloodstreams of the races in the union of the two noblest produce a new, a higher, a third.

The heroic songs, which tell of wild adventures, bold deeds and hard hearts, also sing the praises of the waiting, hoping woman who waits years for the One to whom the voice of her blood is crying out.

And there, where a woman is violated by a lowly man through deceit, betrayal and robbery, the first act of a

tremendous tragedy begins, which is capable of leading entire tribes to their downfall.

What a shattering homage there is in the figure and myth of Kriemhild to a superior woman who was wronged because she was bound to an inferior! Such a woman can even hate her children if she has to recognise the man who awakened the children in her as unequal. Medea, that legendary woman of Nordic blood, resorted to the terrible act of slaughtering her children and presenting their flesh to Jason when her abductor Jason broke faith with her and revealed an unheroic character, only to return to her old home on a dragon chariot.

Euripides, the great pagan Greek tragedian northern mentality, created a powerful monument to Medea in his drama. A bourgeois or even Christian soul can only speak with disgust of such superior women, whose honour is closely linked to the fulfilment of life at the side of the superior hero, but which becomes meaningless when the disappointment comes instead of the fulfiller.

With the lost honour, life itself is also lost. The dishonoured soul may rise once again to take terrible revenge, but then fades into darkness when the potion of satisfaction has been savoured.

A degenerate time, which saw in woman alone the object of unrestrained desire and labelled disgusting, indiscriminate throwing away as "temperament", wrongly accused Nordic women of insensitivity. On the contrary: the Nordic woman is capable of the highest passions of love and hate, only that her passions are very deeply rooted within, so that the storms of the soul rarely manifest

themselves in loud expressions.

One should never forget that the purest song of love and at the same time the most passionate, the song of Gudrun, the North Germanic Kriemhild, has no example in world literature – with the exception of the *Odyssey* at best.

What is the so-called Song of Solomon, revered by Jews and Christians, compared to this humanity of the north? A sultry eulogy of the physical charms of a female whom the ageing Jewish king Solomon intended to incorporate into his very extensive harem. In this, German poetry has always differed from Jewish poetry and poetry belonging to the Jews, in that in German poetry women have never been degraded to the status of females, even in the most ardent descriptions of love. Indeed, one can and must judge the value of German poets by the yardstick with they used to measure women.

In the midst of the persecution of women by the church, which in its life-destroying doctrine condemned Eve, the female, as the vessel of the first and thus hereditary sin once and for all with her entire sex and dethroned the woman, the life-creating mother, the minnesingers rose up to protect womanhood. Walther von der Vogelweide, the greatest political herald of that time, also became the shield holder of the honour of the Germanic maternal woman. He does not sing the praises "holy" women who have turned their backs on the world, he praises the German woman!

The high, dignified women who only give themselves to a man are worthy of the songs of those travelling, freedom-seeking men. These are the proud women from whose foreheads shone the splendour of superior motherhood,

women who already reigned in the high halls of Germanic courts, women in whose presence every impudent word fell silent. Such women were heralds of the true eternity of creative life, which to blaspheme in a motherly woman was a crime worthy of death.

The verses of the *Odyssey* can only be read with emotion today, in which royal women are glorified, who were at the side of the man, equal and untouchable, guardians of the law, the house and the people.

Everywhere in world literature, where we encounter praising descriptions high, motherly women, we can recognise the influence of the North, of the great Aryan Raphael. It would be completely impossible for a Jew to honour such a woman! Even the cult of the Virgin Mary, who, as often as she is mentioned in the "New Testament", has nothing "holy" about her, only penetrates the religious ideas of when it with certain Aryan myths!

The women of the "Bible" are all extremely dubious characters, often outright whores like Esther. A Northern singer would never have misused his genius to depict the fate of a harlot. This is due not least to the fact that the ethics proclaimed by the Nordic singers exclusively the higher purpose of educating the people.

On Mount Sinai dwelled the desert god Yahweh, who resorted to the most impossible means, and there was nothing around him but an atmosphere of horror that tempted all superstition. On Olympus in Greece, on the other hand, goddesses were enthroned who sometimes even superior to the gods. But in the land of midnight, in the far north, the goddesses were flesh and blood!

And just as the gods of Germania were nothing other than "supermen", heroes who surpassed everyday human standards, the goddesses of Germania were high women who thought like royalty and acted like royalty, whose example became the standard for all women in Germania.

Two creative poles lead to life and its preservation: conception and birth.

To one of these poles would result in ruin. The man of the North, deeply anchored in the meaning of life, would never have sacrilegiously dared to desecrate one of the poles out of his knowledge of the law and his knowledge of order.

He had not created an absolute male right, nor had he tolerated an Amazon state.

For the Greeks and Romans, the sun was a masculine term. This male pole of creation fertilises the female pole of creation, the earth. This gives rise to the sacred life of nature. The earth is the primordial mother, her womb brings forth what necessary to sustain the body. That is why the primordial mother earth is surrounded by a mythical wreath that is equally beautiful in terms of ideas and poetry.

Jewish thought, measured against the powerful ideas of the North, is so materialistic even in its almost pitiful myths that it knows no "Mother Earth". The earth is only material to it, nothing more. That is why this material can also be cursed by Yahweh, just as Yahweh can also attach the sun as material, like a lantern so to speak, to the roof of the sky!

One must realise what a difference, what a gulf that can never be bridged, yawns between the north and Sinai: in the north the sun is the pole of procreation, Sinai sees in the

sun one of the illuminators that Yahweh has placed for the sake of his Jews! Similarly, the man of Sinai, as an instrument of Yahweh's will, has no will of his own to create. He lacks the light-bringing, Luciferian, divine! The woman of Sinai lacks the divine primal law of birth, which is why she must become a vessel of lust.

Ungodly, material people crawl through the dust of Sinai, the born materialists! In the north, on the other hand, walk the high, divine, knowing people who are themselves part of the eternal law.

This is also where the deep knowledge of the direct, lawful connection of Nordic man with the universe, the divine sharing, the brotherhood of God lies. Even in the so often unclear outbursts of mysticism-pantheism and rapture, this forces its way to the surface.

Thought and deed. For the people of the North, God is the crowning glory of the law: the infinite will to eternal life.

He can be worshipped with the language of the soul, but never begged for a "miracle".

The thought of someone who is able to stand outside the inexhaustible creative rhythm of the law is impossible for the people of the North.



Not man *or* woman is therefore the battle slogan of the North, but man *and* woman's creative unity is the commandment of eternal life from this world.

As long as the North was law-abiding and knowledgeable, no currents could arise that demanded or

allowed that one pole of this unity of creation be less respected. This was too natural and instinctive. The fact that of opinion could arise at all about these basic prerequisites of life is already a sign of decay. Let it be recognised how dangerous, corrosive and murderous all religions are which are not based on the knowledge of the law and its life-sustaining demands. As is well known, dogmatic religions only arise when the harmony of cognition, knowledge, soul and blood, in short, when the inheritance of the strong race is buried!

Above all, however, one should also recognise from this that there can no more be a "world religion" than a "world culture". Every world religion would have to have as a prerequisite for its rule the annihilation of the apes and the complete mash of peoples. It is no coincidence that the most fanatical of the world religions are usually equally great fanatics of racial enmity.

It is also no coincidence that, for example, the followers of the Kingdom of Yahweh, be they power-hungry Jews or the strong and 'knowing' of all peoples have a mortal enmity to the swarming Christians. For these strong ones are conscious carriers of an inheritance that resists equalisation and attracts all like-minded forces like a magnet.

It is precisely the warlike north, the land of duty, the home of the strong, who embody the law in their order, that will lead the motherly women, the dethroned kings of life, back to their realm. The strong, law-conscious, combative man longs for the motherly woman, who is not to be his

plaything but his mate, his co-creator, for the sake of completing the unity of creation.

The homeland of the strong will be a land of freedom and glory and thus of true happiness for the young people growing out of this perfect alliance of the two united divine poles.

The strong of this world long for motherly women. It is the longing for fulfilment that has nothing in common with greed.

This is the end of the "female", who is expelled from the home of the strong so that her offensive counterpart no longer desecrates the sanctuary of the motherly woman, who is the herald of the overwhelming message of the law, the bearer of the most beautiful proof of the faithfulness of life. In the home of the strong, the harlot has no place.

Is it really a coincidence that the same wretched and gutter-perspective looking witless "funny papers" sneer at warriors and women in the same breath – not only degrades the heroes to despicable land servants, it also desecrates the motherly women to prostitutes.

It is the same spirit of the inferior, who fight for their empire and their rule, which also endeavours to drag humanity, dignity and pride into the dirt until all upwardly striving life is levelled.

The day is not far off when the motherly women will once again take pride of place in the hall.

With kindly hands they will wipe the worries of imperfect everyday life from the brow of the man, the comrades, and the bright, carefree laughter of their children will again and again give the man faith in the eternity of his duty in his heart. The humanity that grows out of this knowing and proud duality will, as in the old days when myths were reality, be like God again!

From the merging of the two poles of creation arises the most lively of all cells of the community: the family, whose life was and is nowhere in the world as strong and energising as in the Germanic lands. Where in the world is a child able to believe in the purity of its mother into manhood as in the Northland?

There are no "marriage problems" in the home of the strong. There are even fewer marital experiments, as the era of depravity was so fond of. The woman has as little right to be an object of experimentation as the man has to be an experimenter!

The only question of a marriage is whether the two poles of creation that are now coming together are destined for each other in the truest sense of the word. This requires a very precise examination of all existing values and an assessment of those unvalues which, if too little attention is paid to them, can very often lead to a breakdown in the course of their life together, cliffs that can sink the ship of marriage. The entire happiness of a marriage on whether the sound of the two souls, which unite to form a unity of creation, strikes a chord. The delicate vibrations of the soul must not be drowned out by the loud and shrill clamour

instinct!

The education for marriage begins with the child, who must first be educated towards himself, that is, he must learn to find the way into his own heart. A person who knows the sound of his soul and the language of his heart will also be able to hear the voice of his mate's nature, but how can a person find harmony in the duality of his life if he himself does not know his heart, his blood, his soul?

Mistakes in the choice of a life companion will also occur in the lives of the strong. Such errors are overcome when the two people separate in order to find the fulfilment of companionship in a second marriage. Such separation happens without hatred. But the people who have merged into harmony lead an inseparable marriage in this unity.

Finding this unity is the highest reason for marriage.

How long ago it seems that a "marriage of convenience" was the antithesis of a "marriage of love"! Basically, both marriages led to ruin. was considered to be synonymous with money, while "love" meant that duty and responsibility were switched off when the urge for satisfaction was pressing.

The times when people argued about the "system" of the number of children also seem to be a thing of the past. The child as an inevitable evil that should not cause too much labour! A terrible sign of the decomposition of national morality! The maternal womb, the most sacred vessel of the eternal life, was desecrated in the vilest way. Suddenly, children were no longer the great third, the new, the better

of a togetherness, but a luxury that seemed overpriced compared to the comforts of bourgeois life.

Let it never be forgotten that these times of decline are always latent as long as weaklings are allowed to proclaim the wretched "ideas" of their weakness; if the strong were ever again to become careless and indifferent to the apparently slain, but in reality only slumbering dangers, so that the weak were to gain power by a *coup d'état*, at the same moment these vile doctrines would again raise their muses.

The home of the strong must also be the home of the guards, but that means: the sword must never rust!

As long as the earth stands and as long as people are born into this world, will be day and night, strong and weak. Only that the strong remain alive and in control is the meaning of the will of creation anchored in the law.

But the loving nature of motherly women helps the strong to take pleasure in their duty to preserve, beget and nurture life for the sake of eternal life.

A woman who has achieved the fulfilment of her creative duty in motherhood towers over childless women like the hero over his followers. No contempt for women whose womb remained closed to life should diminish their pride.

What are the "brides of Christ" in their entirety compared to a single motherly woman who holds out a healthy, laughing child to her husband, from whose eyes faith in this world shines;

What are all the promised delights of the hallelujah-filled

heaven compared to the mother's happiness that glows under the child's first cry?

Mothers are the true heralds of the glory of eternal life on this earth.

Whoever sees the glow of a mother's eye, which shines a light of great inner happiness on the newborn, sees a hundred suns and a thousand skies shimmering.

And no greeting from the "bridegroom of souls" can drown out the cheering of the heart of the mother whose child stretches out its arms caressingly for the first time.

Mothers are therefore deeply devoted to their big sister, the earth.

How can these maternal women all the lamentable females who want to be born to the happiness of the to enjoy "free" love, heartily despise it, at best regret it!

The same contempt is only known to the strong man of war who, he marches armed and prepared towards the hour of decision, meets a palm-wielding weakling.

On the heights of humanity, the strong of this world walk hand in hand with their motherly wives.

They are the first in the home of the strong.

The glow of her gaze is a spark of that fire of eternity that burns the weak and purifies the strong to ultimate purity.

The world becomes beautiful where the home of the strong begins.

The joyful, bright laughter of children resounds through the new home, which is full of goodness because it knows

how to kill the unworthy.

But the motherly women watch over the cradles of the
Eternity!

Despite Curse and Blessing: the Strong!

See that the strong have risen to walk upright, with their eyes fixed on the distant goal, to stride into a life full of struggle, without worrying about thanks, reward or punishment, there come the "scriptural scholars", into whose dogma of blind subservience the fact of the freedom of a greater humanity does not fit, and warn of the terrible consequences of "arrogance", which is a sure sign of the impending punishment of heaven!

Yes, the scribes even pray to this heaven hurl down a thunderbolt to strike the wicked, whose evil deed is strength and defiance, and to kill him – a deterrent example to the night world! But the strong man, unconcerned about the consequences of his rebellion, strides towards greatness, the path to perfection.

He knows that the scribes have cast a spell around their own lowliness and that they, fearing that their lowliness would be recognised and they themselves would be chased away, take anxious care that no one crosses this spell. The strong man knows that the scribe can only be overcome by the example of the bold deed, that only through it can the circle of bondage be destroyed and ineffective. He knows that the example can sink new strength and new confidence into the hearts of those who are waiting.

Indeed, the lightning bolts of the scribes do not ignite, they are not even able to frighten. The thunder of their heavens proves to be the rustling of paper, and their spell is

nothing but ink! The magicians, just now the tyrants over fearful and superstitious souls, become a child's mockery when their deception is seen through. That is why there is a natural enmity between the magicians, who spread the veil of deception over reality in order to steal and rob to their heart's content in the darkness, and the strong, who tear apart the deception in order to dispel the spook with the bright light of the sun.

The strong man knows that no god can be powerful in the weak. Rather, the weak need superstition, magic and madness in order to achieve the influence that is supposed to make the example of the strong ineffective.

What kind of God is it that exalts the weak over the strong? Must it not be a God of injustice? One who himself came out of fear and therefore out of destruction?

Such a god would lead his followers to power by crooked paths! But the crooked path that the scribes proclaim is the miracle. The strong man does not believe in the miracle, because otherwise he would have to deny the certainty of the law. He does not bow to an arbitrary power that places the miracle above the deed thus grace above faithfulness.

For the sake of faithfulness, the strong man prefers to fight his way through the arduous path of action, which leads through undergrowth and dangers to the height of the goal, instead of letting himself be carried lightly and carefree by the angel of the miracle into the arbitrariness of a despotic God.

It is better for the strong man that the thorns scratch his skin: if only he walks the self-chosen path of knowledge in

the proud feeling of his own strength.

The feeling of thanking someone, even in the limitation of what has been achieved, is far more noble and beautiful, deeper and more genuine than the greatest gratitude for an effortless favour.

Despite curse and blessing: the strong!

So even the strong man does not want give himself a heaven of grace. He can only love a heaven that he has conquered for himself.

That is why his heaven is the kingdom of this world! Justice is his claim, not mercy his prayer!

The home of the strong will be filled with the defiant, the rejoicing, the fighting, the victorious. And the more slaver the curse of the scribes, the otherworldly, the weak, the harder will be the songs of defiance and the commands of resistance. Even the hour of bitterest need cannot be exchanged by the strong for a whole eternity of merciful arbitrariness and comfortable dependence for the sake of freedom. Those on the other side may crucify themselves and speak of obduracy, but the strong man is certain that it is only loyalty to the law that binds him to life with all its realities.

The strong will never be reconciled with a God who is powerful in the weak. For this would be nothing other than a submissive acknowledgement of the arbitrariness of a power that disregards the will of the strong and his law.

But the strong man would rather perish in the race for the crown life than cowardly submit. He also does not want

the crown of victory if he has not won this victory himself. Consolation prizes may be welcome to the weak of character. To the strong they are an insult!

The old saying of Friesland, "Better dead than a slave", applies all the more in the land of the soul and its longing, which is the sky above the home of the strong.

A God who rejoices over broken souls, who humbles the strong and brings them back to the weak, the cowardly, the one who wants to bend over to the brute and will-less is not the brother of the strong. But even less their master!

Again the scribes stand up and proclaim the Lord's blessing on all who bow to him. But the strong man is also unreceptive to the blessing if this blessing is a gift of grace outside the law. If there is a blessing, it consists in the radiance of the perfection attained through the fulfilment of the law. This confers a safety above all fate, which no blessing or reward can replace or even surpass.

If a weakling, as a result of his non-combatant and thus unoffending life, was able to clothe his highly indifferent person in the mantle of wealth and wear this mantle, which he mistook for the armour of true power, until the end of his days, then he may cheaply write on his funeral certificate that here rests a "blessed one"! The strong only sneer at such blessings, which he perceives at best as a stumbling block and ballast.

An unbowed heart is more than all blessings!

That is why even in misery the strong remain more powerful than the most blessed of all times. Hütten was

powerful, Melanchthon blessed! Prussia was a powerful country, France a blessed one! Nietzsche was very powerful, but he was not blessed. Nor did he want to be blessed!

A shining heart is more than a halo! For the inner glow is of its own value, while the is a loan from heaven. In times of decision, it very quickly becomes apparent that a shining heart is able to muster more attitude than the prayers of all the blessed are able to achieve.

The concept of a blessing that can only be bestowed by heaven is often confused with the effect of a full blessing come. A "blessed" deed is nothing other than the deed of a strong person, which in turn about perfection. All too often, such deeds stand in stark contrast to the "will of salvation" of those who have to pass on the blessing by profession!

One of the main tasks of the scribes is to present an obvious effect of the law as a sign of divine blessing, so that the people of a time do not recognise a great man and cheer him, but so that they bow their knees and reverently repeat: "See what a turn of events by God's providence!"

Frederick the Great was aware of the effects of the law and mocked the simplicity of his generals, who insisted invoking the blessing of heaven before every battle. This is precisely why Frederick was much more faithful than his generals. For in the misfortune into which the pious sent themselves as being in God's providence, he alone retained an inner glow and thus also an open eye for what was necessary.

The pious have it much easier than the strong – that is a

consolation, albeit a very dubious one, for all the weak. The consolation, the refuge of the weak, is the blessing-giving heaven, which long-suffering and steadfastly accepts all the sighs of an anguished soul. Since heaven is always open, those seeking refuge can express themselves at any hour. The strong man must dialogue with himself. His heart has to give him an answer and an account if the glow is to fade and perfection is to be over. The strong man knows that he is lost, irredeemably lost, when the ringing of his soul, the chord of perfection in the law, has vanished. He recognises that he has become unfaithful! This is the hour of his breakdown, from which he does not want to be saved, because a life without loyalty, a life without honour, a life without duty is meaningless.

Is it any wonder that the half-hearted, the fickle, ask for a substitute religion in the hour of decision and prefer, since they are not strong enough to be powerful, to beg for the blessing again?

The strong man is anything but emotionless. He just does not wear his heart on his sleeve because he cannot cry out what fills his soul as a prayer, an exclamation or a lament to the blessing-giving heavens. Even the strong man in his loneliness is aware of his soul's misery and sadness, for even in the home of the strong there are clouds that want to hide the sun. But the struggle that now in the strong is not a struggle according to the Bible verse

"Lord, I will not leave you,
for you bless me!"

The struggle is not for the comforting reconciliation with the stronger God, but a struggle with one's own

weakness. The cries of fear, the words of temptation of weakness must be drowned out by the message of the will, which the strong must make resound again in the deepest depths of his soul as he wrestles with himself.

Either the strong man breaks or he emerges from the battle doubly safe and purified. That is the "blessing and grace" of this world! Or the "judgement day" of the heart!

In the struggle for perfection – rising above the abyss, in constant danger falling and crashing – the strong man grows into his homeland, which is the centre of the activity of his humanity, but not a place for the vague concept of humanity! Humanity is already the epitome, the collection of knowing people, while humanity is a purely formal generic term. Here, too, the necessary distinctions have been blurred by the border-smearing weaklings.

Apostles of humanity appeared under the sign of apron and trowel to build the Temple of Solomon from the hewn stones of people of all nations and races. To be "a human being", to have "human rights", seemed to be the highest thing in this world.

The Strong One has sent his message to the world: the highest thing in this world is to have duty, because

who stands in duty
stands in honour!

Humanity arises only where duty has raised man above himself, so that he has become capable of loyalty and honour.

Only in this humanity do the values dwell that have

been won through the purification struggle of the knowing, lawful life. The preconditions, but never the humanity itself, are in the child's cradle. The prerequisites lie dormant in the hereditary mass. There, however, they must be raised through education, self-discipline, and constant struggle.

It is all too easy for religions to give up the veil that conceals their pitiful nakedness the sweet consolation of perhaps being "chosen" by God for grace after all.

But because the strong have set out to create a home for their deeds and desires, they also open the door to the future for all those who will one day embark on the difficult journey from semi-perfection to perfection.

The more incorruptible, ruthless, free and uncompromising the first settlers are in the homeland of the strong, the greater will be the land they will gain with their own labour.

The strong know that if their struggle is painful and dangerous, their descendants will fight less hard! They are the knights of freedom who conquer new territory on which a flourishing generation will sow and reap for all eternity.

Will is the sword, defiance is the shield, loyalty to the law is the armour: this is how the knights of this time fight for their new homeland!

They have only one god above them: duty. Only one commandment binds them: honour. They have only one goal in mind: the nation of this world, the Germanic Empire of the German Nation, which will remain reality as long as a strong man is still able to fight for the homeland of this new reality.

The knights receive only one reward: that is the joyful, jubilant yes of the heart, which thanks the time to be allowed to live in it and to fight for perfection in the law!

Despite curses and blessings, unperturbed by the applause of the half-hearted and the rage of the weak, the strong man strides from this world towards his home, which from the stars of yearning has now become reality.

He no longer cares about the snare that the hypocrites have set for him, he only cares about one thing: to bring the fire of his heart as a pure flame to the waiting brothers and thus the dawn of freedom!

Mighty Home!

Freedom, your wings were once paralysed when the cross overshadowed the world.

The sense of life died! And with it began to wither everything that is called the values of humanity: culture, art, society. The deadliest thing, however, was that the soul was assigned a district far removed from life, a dwelling place far from the heart, far from the blood.

It was madness to believe that one could capture a sound and preserve it without the instrument that was able to release this sound! whoever takes the soul out of a person leaves behind a heap of ruins, what good was it if the soul was to be settled with God if the person died in the process! who can also let his heart beat outside the body?

Whoever takes away the soul of a race hollows out the race, takes away its growth and turns it into a rapidly decaying state. The messengers of Yahweh no other plans than to desoul this world. The trail of death they left behind them reveals more about their intentions than they tried to conceal with high-sounding words.

It took a long time for the exiled heroes to return to their homeland. But the day of their return also marks the hour of the resurrection of freedom.

The new man rises to unity in the law, which unites life and longing, vision and reality in unreserved action.

The cage of the soul is shattered, and mightily it stirs its wings to new heights.

Iron is the step of the strong one who steps into his homeland.

Iron are his thoughts.

And the sound of his voice is honourable.

He stretches upwards and realises that he has grown to the height of the stars, and that everyday life with its worries and considerations sinks to insignificance beneath him.

Where is God? So everyday life cries up to heaven and hopes that it can reveal the ultimate secret of all things.

The strong man looks around in his loneliness to see the God who is enthroned above the stars, as everyday life would have us believe.

The strong man looks for a long time until he realises that nowhere in the infinity of starry spaces does the throne room of a god rise up. Nowhere does he recognise the silhouettes of angels and saints. Nowhere does he hear a pious hallelujah!

But the more eagerly the strong listen into infinity,

The more clearly he hears the melodic regularity of a distant sound, a sound of ultimate purity. This sound is caused by the eternal rhythm that the law has placed in the universe. It is the rhythm of all life, of all decay, of all new growth: the rhythm of creation, into which everything that is life flows, from which everything that creates life emanates. But the law is the highest will for creation, and so the law works in everything that flows out and in everything that flows in.

Eternities are seconds in the law, and the universe is the mighty body of creation, whose soul, heart and blood, whose unity and ultimate reality is the will of the law.

The will of the law is greater than all gods, more eternal than their miracles, commandments and orders. Only action works, not the weak. That is why it is alive in the strong, but the weak only experiences the appearance of reality from the mirror of his imagination. The more powerful the rhythm of creation manifests itself in a person, the more powerful, pure and incorruptible the deed, the life, the vision and the reality of that person will be.

The strong do not demand the grace of a god in order to be lifted up in his arms like a child who wants to watch a theatre: the strong demand to be grown up in order to recognise!

Perfection is therefore the goal of humanity.

Let the weak climb to the top of their steeples to see the God of their imagination from their tiny height: the strong mock them.

His homeland needs no steeples! The home of the strong is at the highest altitude in this world, where the stars shine clearer than in the lowlands. Where the sky is clearer than above the valleys.

Where is God? Thus the chorales from the lowlands ring, What can I do, that he favour me? Thus the anguished heart echoes from the valleys!

But the strong man spreads out his arms to embrace a whole world. His soul is at in harmony, it sings the same note as that distant sound.

There is no babbling of prayers, there is no humble song of repentance: there is the warlike shouting of freedom, the jubilation of the true eternity of life.

That is why the home of the strong is a land full of joy, the joy of everlasting strength.

In the land of imperishable power, the liberated human race builds places of gathering in the rhythm of its raptures that are more powerful than churches and cathedrals: they are the places of culture that are built according to the images that the pure blood lets rise from the depths of a heart that believes in creation and knows the law. This culture, with its art, which creates the whole of eternal life, is the jubilant thanks of humanity to the life-giving and power-giving law.

But this art has the ultimate purpose of lighting up the eyes of the strong for the eternity of the creative act. In this way, every work of art becomes a victory song of freedom.

The victory songs of the strong, however, praise the virtue of being a man close to the stars: the highest duty to remain strong and to overcome all weakness, because weakness means death.

Those whose strength fails them at the highest level, whose knees begin to tremble next to abysses, must crash to the ground. However, it is not about the preservation of the individual, but about the preservation of the soul of the race, whose full song shall resound from thousands of rejoicing hearts.

The peoples are the strongest and therefore the true

masters on earth, whose song is the fullest and most vibrant.

Mighty homeland, Germany, from whose heart the mountain rises! Homeland Germany, mother of the strong, who birth to your sons to be guardians on the towers of freedom!

If there is one mercy of fate, it is that of to be of German blood!

The good news of the duty that the home of the strong imposes on its guardians proclaims the relentlessness of the perfect life, which demands hardship for the sake of love. That is why the strong forge their hearts in the fire of longing for perfection.

He is perfect who can fit the sound of his total personality into the harmony of the law without the slightest discord.

This is the beauty of perfection, that it means a life of wakefulness, a life without anaesthesia.

The truth, with its harsh face full of infinite wisdom, is beautiful, it is the potion of eternal youth for the strong. But to the weak it becomes deadly poison.

Having a home means being able to say yes to all the consequences and demands of knowing and wanting, means experiencing the meaning of life in duty.

The sacred ground of the homeland is the truth soaked in the blood of the best.

The iron will that ploughs this soil, the seed of wisdom

that is planted in this soil, the ripening fruit of knowledge that springs from this soil: all this unites to form the bread of the true life of this world.

This bread is the food of the soul of the strong. What is the manna of heaven compared to this bread?

The strong have a duty to be "good".

His goodness is directed towards the preservation and care of life.

The goodness is determined by the will to the law.

The will to the law, however, is orientated towards eternal becoming, towards the knowing growth into the unity of creation, is conscious creation in reality for eternity.

Mighty homeland, Germany! Home of the strong!

As dusk encircled the globe, the mountain began to glow at midnight.

A new earth threw its first shear.

The old gods have long since been buried. And heavy stones lie over their mounds of corpses.

When Asgard fell, heaven wanted to become the refuge of the weak and the triumph of the hostile.

The sky has also long since passed.

A third rose up when the weak already thought that the end of all days had come: the home of the strong!

And with this home of the strong, a new era begins on this old, eternally renewing earth.

The happiness of the new age does not lie in a dreamy,

distant bliss, but in the jubilant fulfilment of the duty to which man is called according to the order of his worth.

It is not redeemed angels who sing the song of praise of this creation, but perfect people who let their hearts resound to the jubilant rhythm of their fulfilled lives.

There is only one place of damnation: to be far from the heart of this homeland!

Brothers of Destiny

...Darkness shrouds the horror.
Only the brothers of destiny gaze
With firm hearts into the night.
Lonely they go into battle,
To build the empire, the new, free one,
To build the future.
Thrones of the gods, corpses of the gods
Must give way to a future
That knows nothing but strong hearts.
Gold, possessions and precious stones
Are only deception, deceit and pretence
When fate demands values!
Masks are torn down by fate.
Under her god's mask,
Among much golden tinsel
One sees old men trembling senselessly
As the shreds flutter in the wind.
On the ruins of that yesterday
You can finally, finally see
Firm steps again
In faraway places
Our brothers in destiny
Are walking.
Theirs will be possession
And earth.

That the morning finally come,
They walk towards the sunrise.
Over corpses, over ruins
They must build the beams
That carry the building of the future.
Without a cry,
Without complaints
They themselves are stone and mortar,
Axe and chisel,
Hatchet and hammer.
Over the wailing of old gods
Triumphs the battle cry
Of young men
Who have found themselves,
When fate time and again
Threw hailstones over crops,
Flames of war over states,
Death over nations.
We are brothers in destiny.
Stronger, greater, truer, more real
Than the gods,
Which we threw into the dust!